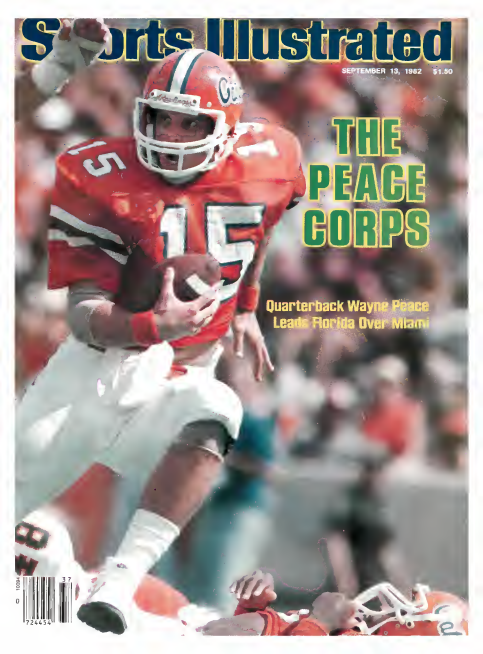


Sports Illustrated



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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

A studied moment after Martina Navratilova had won the women's singles title at Wimbledon this year, an impish figure rose from his accustomed position in a corner of the press section, extracted from his pocket a winning bookmaker's ticket and brandished it. "So easy," he sighed. "Now we have paid for another visit to London."

The winning bettor was Gianni Clerici, 52-year-old tennis correspondent for *Il Giorno* of Milan, novelist, ultimate author of *The Ultimate Tennis Book* (translated into six languages), square of Lake Como, the Italian Andy Rooney and a man who knows his women's tennis.

Turn to page 62. The story that begins there, written by Associate Writer

For American readers, Pileggi here provides an aperitif.

Clerici himself was first motivated to research La Belle Suzanne by her better-remembered male colleagues, the Four Musketeers. Idly watching Chris Evert one day a few years ago, Clerici remarked to René Lacoste, the mightiest Musketeer, that she must be the finest player ever. Lacoste replied that Evert would be no match for Lenglen.

"But René," Clerici came back, "do not be so sure. We all prize our own names."

"No, Gianni," the Crocodile said. "Suzanne is for all time."

Indeed, on another occasion, when Clerici suggested to Jean Borotra and Henri Cochet that he might write his next book about them, about the Musketeers, Borotra snapped, "No, Gianni! You must never write a book about anyone but Suzanne."

It helped, of course, that Clerici speaks half a dozen languages and that everyone in the game knows him. He even played Wimbledon twice, the first time in 1953. "I play singles on a far court against a Yugoslav, the worst player in the world. Ah, but I have driven from Como in my Fiat, and soon I get some cramps, so after I lose the first set to the worst player in the world, I ask the umpire if I can change my shirt, and he says yes—why, I do not know—and when I get to the locker room everyone says, Gianni, what are you doing, and I say I am taking a break, and they tell me breaks are not allowed at Wimbledon and I am the only player ever to take a break. Which still I am."

"Then, the next year, Orlando Sirola and I are playing Mervyn Rose and Rex Hartwig on Court 1. This is the year they win the doubles, and early on, I chase a ball and fall into the stands; right into the lap of a beautiful lady. Very beautiful. So, I kiss her hand. And the lady says her name. And so and so. And I play a whole match and never once win my serve."

"The lady was quite beautiful."



CLERICI, THE IMPISH SQUARE OF LAKE COMO

Sarah Pileggi, is a distillation of considerable research done by both Pileggi and Clerici. "Suzanne Lenglen is the most interesting personality I've ever explored," says Pileggi. "It's amazing that no one has written extensively about her before this, but it's no wonder that Clerici was so fascinated." Clerici's full biography, *Suzanne Lenglen, The Prima Donna of Tennis*, three chapters of which were made available to Pileggi for the purposes of her article, will be published next May in France.

Philip D. Hurd



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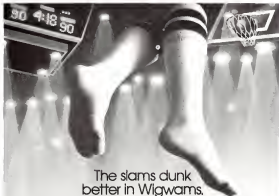


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It's time you changed your socks.

BOOKTALK

by JEREMIAH TAX

LIFE STORIES OF CHRISSE AND JOHN:
OUT OF GREATNESS, EXPENSIVE TEDIUM

In 1977, after she had won the U.S. Open tennis championship for the third straight time, Chris Evert and *The New York Times* sportswriter Neil Andrus discussed doing a book about her life and career. They agreed that a book about a 22-year-old tennis player was, at the very least, "premature."

When he was 22, John McEnroe and sportswriter Richard Evans talked about doing McEnroe's biography. Evans suggested they should wait "at least until he had won Wimbledon." McEnroe's opinion was, "How about waiting until I grow up first?"

All four of these people were right.

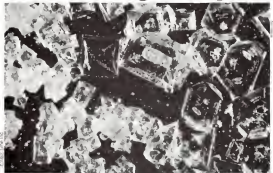
Three years later for Chris and Neil and nine months later for John and Richard, all four changed their minds and went to work on the books—the first pair on the theory that Chris was now married and that she "might have something to say" to justify a book about a 25-year-old tennis player, and the latter apparently believing that McEnroe had grown up.

All four were wrong.

Nevertheless, we now have: *Chrisse: My Own Story* (Simon and Schuster, \$15.50) and *McEnroe: A Rage for Perfection* (Simon and Schuster, \$13.50). The difference in price is puzzling, but perhaps no more so than the publisher's determination that readers should pay so much for so little.

Both books are well-nigh perfect arguments for the superiority of concise journalism in presenting the "life story" of a young athlete in a meaningful, steadily interesting fashion. There is simply no room in a newspaper or magazine article of reasonable length for the kind of padding that makes reading much of *Chrisse* and *Rage* a chore. Long-forgotten matches (better-forgotten, probably) are included unnecessarily: *Chrisse*—"After beating Linda Thomas, 6-1, 6-1; Elizabeth Coe, 6-0, 6-0; Leslie Hunt, 6-1, 6-0; Betty Stove, 6-2, 6-2; and Olga Morozova, 6-3, 6-0..." *Rage*—"But he went down to Gerulaitis again in the Pepsi Grand Slam in Florida; was forced to pull out of WCT Frankfurt through in-

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jury, lost his way on the red clay of the Monte Carlo Country Club against Vilas; and was beaten 6-4, 6-1 by Harold Solomon. . . ." Is this really what Gutenberg had in mind?

Evans cleverly improved his prospects of filling nearly 200 pages by writing in the first person, though this is the biography of another man, an innovation in the art that should be stopped dead in its tracks. But it does provide him the opportunity to sound off on a number of extraneous matters, like his views of other sportswriters. Also: "I have always found it the ultimate hypocrisy for New York crowds to boo John McEnroe for his behavior. McEnroe's behavior is New York behavior. . . . New York City is not a place where manners count for very much. It is a jungle at the best of times. . . ." So much for one of the world's literary, musical, artistic, theatrical and publishing centers. Evans doesn't mind quoting himself, either: three solid pages from one of his magazine articles at one point, and two pages at another.

McEnroe's on-court behavior is, of course, the burden of much of the book, and Evans treats it exhaustively—to this reviewer's exhaustion, at any rate. McEnroe himself handles it considerably more succinctly: "Maybe I need to get defaulted. Maybe that would straighten my head out."

Christie is more gossip, if somewhat less controversial. Because the Everts are an extraordinary family and Chris appears to have been painstakingly honest in describing its members and their relationships, those portions of the book are the most successful. Much of this may be familiar to her fans and even to regular readers of the sports pages, but it is enlightening nonetheless to anyone who cares how and why a child becomes a champion.

There are, too, a number of nuggets in Christie that doubtless will brighten some TV talk shows:

- Tracy Austin's mother always accompanies her daughter in the locker rooms before matches, much to the annoyance of Chris and other women pros.
- On his first date with Chris, Burt Reynolds arrived at the Evert home with four friends and three Rolls-Royces. He gave her a gold necklace with BARE, his nickname for her, spelled out in diamonds.
- Rosie Casals makes brownies that have enlightened a number of parties on the women's tour.

END

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A photograph of three polo players on horseback, captured in motion during a game. The player on the left is on a white horse, the middle player on a brown horse, and the player on the right on a light-colored horse. They are all wearing helmets and holding mallets. The background is a blurred green field.

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THE WAIVER SYSTEM

Baseball fans reacted indignantly last week when pitchers Tommy John and Don Sutton were dealt from trailing teams to the contending Angels and Brewers. There was resentment not only in Houston and New York, where the Astros, Sutton's old team, and the Yankees, John's former club, seemingly threw in the towel for 1982 and more or less gave away star players, and in Boston and Atlanta, where the battling Red Sox and Braves failed to obtain much-needed pitching help, but also in other cities where fans in general expressed the feeling, "It's not fair."

They're right, it's not fair. Nonetheless it's an old baseball custom. Theoretically, there's a June 15 deadline for trades in the major leagues, a rule that was established more than half a century ago, after the two rich New York teams—John McGraw's Giants and Jacob Ruppert's Yankees—made it a late-season practice to buy star players from poorer clubs to help in pennant drives. That June 15 deadline slowed the 11th-hour transfer of players, but it certainly didn't stop it. In baseball, rules are made to be broken, or at least circumvented. The "waiver" system, designed to facilitate the moving of marginal players, has always had lots of loopholes. Witness the wily Yankees of the Casey Stengel era who were able to pick up star slugger Johnny Mize in August 1949, star Pitcher Johnny Sain in August 1951, star Pitcher Ewell Blackwell in August 1952 and star Pitcher Sal Maglie in September 1957. The 1959 White Sox, striving for their first pennant in 40 years, got home-run hitter Ted Kluszewski from the National League late in August. Last year the Astros, on their way to winning the National League West's second-half championship, picked up Phil Garner, an accomplished second baseman, from the Pirates on Aug. 31. Last month, a few weeks before they obtained Sutton, the Brewers plucked Starting Pitcher Doc Medich from the Rangers.

What can be done about it? Not much. The pointlessness of the system was made glaringly evident when, in the midst of the furor over the John and Sutton transactions, the baseball commissioner's office sternly canceled a relative-

ly minor waiver deal between the Phillies and the Cubs because of a technical violation of an obscure regulation. "To the best of my knowledge, this rule has never been used before," said a befuddled Paul Owens, the Philadelphia general manager. It was typical of the way baseball polices itself—cracking down on obscure misdemeanors while felonies are being openly committed.

HIS OCCUPATION

Johnny Kelley, the renowned distance runner who celebrated his 75th birthday early this week, has run 110 marathons, has competed in the Boston 51 times and won it twice, and is still racing. In fact, he's entered in a 13-mile road race this week in Cleveland. No wonder his home phone number is listed in the Cape Cod phone book as "Kelley, John A. (marathon)..."

MOSES AND THE PROMISED LAND

Moses Malone in Philadelphia? If the 76ers were lucky enough to land the free-agent Malone, to whom they tendered an offer sheet last week that proposes to pay him \$13.2 million over the next six years, what would it mean in terms of Philadelphia's team performance?

The sports-minded computer at National Economic Research Associates, Inc. (SI, Aug. 30) cleared its throat and burred out some figures. The Sixers last season were better than the league average in most statistical categories, but they were a sobering 12.3% below average in offensive rebounding. The computer deftly deducted from the Philadelphia stats the contributions of the 76ers' erstwhile center, Darryl Dawkins, who was sent to the New Jersey Nets two weeks ago in a separate transaction. Then it inserted those of Malone, who hammered the boards in MVP fashion last season for the Houston Rockets. The computer spun around twice, coughed politely and projected these impressive figures: With Malone, the Sixers' offensive rebounds would increase from 1,031 to 1,368, a glittering 32.7% improvement. In other words, Moses Malone would help the 76ers tremendously just where they need help the most.

Besides, the computer went on, with Malone dominating the offensive backboard Philadelphia would score an additional 1,396 points next season, and its winning percentage would climb from an already impressive .707 to an overwhelming .810.

The computer tried to hold the attention of ecstatic Sixer fans for one more statement, but failed. No one heard it say quietly that all this is only projection and that the real data get processed on the court during the season.

WINNER/LOSER

One of the things long-distance runners like about their sport is that improving a place or two in the order of finish can be as gratifying to sloggers back in the pack as winning can be for the stars. Thus, 39-



year-old Steve Nordberg of Stevensville, Mich., competing in one of those triathlons (swimming, cycling and running legs) at La Porte, Ind. this summer, came into the final leg—the running phase—far behind but still full of hope, because running is his forte.

He had lost ground, or water, in the swim and had barely held his own in cycling ("I passed maybe 25 people, but another 25 passed me"). Now, though, he had improved his position maybe 50 places, and 100 yards from the finish he found he still had a chance to catch one

continued

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more rival. "He was about my age," says Nordberg, "so I got inspired, mounted a ferocious sprint and outleined him at the tape." Nordberg's gallant spurt improved his finishing position from 69th to 68th, reward enough for the true amateur—most of the time.

At La Porte, however, there was a joker. Trophies were given only to the top three finishers; everyone else was in a kind of raffle, with numbers corresponding to their finishing positions picked for various goodies. The grand prize for the also-rans was a \$50 bond from a La Porte bank, and the winning number was—never mind the envelope—69.

Next year, says winner/loser Nordberg, he'll train for the marathon again, but this time not quite as hard.

THE BATTLE OF CLEVELAND

While the ineptly managed Cleveland Cavaliers have sunk to the NBA depths, another basketball team in that city, the Cleveland State University Vikings, has been flying high. To dramatize the difference, Merle Levin, Cleveland State's sports information director, mischievously poses the following question: In the last two years, which of the two teams has had the most first-round picks in the NBA college draft?

Well, O.K., college teams have their players taken in the draft, NBA teams do the taking. That understood, however, there's no question that the Vikings have, in a sense, showed up the Cavaliers in the NBA draft. Cleveland State's Franklin Edwards was a first-round choice of the 76ers' last year, and another Viking star, Darren Tillis, was taken in the first round by the Celtics this year. The Cavs, meanwhile, have just one first-rounder to show for those two drafts, Boston College's John Bagley, whom they landed this year. The 1981 draft? The Cavs traded away their first-round pick, just as they had improbably done in both 1977 and 1979.

DUID PRO (SO TO SPEAK) QUO

Tufts University of Medford, Mass. is hardly known to college football fans in other parts of the country, except for those few whose esoteric knowledge includes the fact that the school's nickname, the Jumbos, came about because years ago Tufts acquired the stuffed skin of P.T. Barnum's famous 19th-century el-

ephant. (There are also the purveyors of heavy humor who like to say that Tufts is the only college named for a movie actor, one of the many Sonny Tufts jokes in vogue some years ago.)

Never mind. Football at Tufts has something going for it that far more powerful football schools don't have. Head Coach Vic Gatto, a onetime Harvard football captain, spends much of his spare time each summer recruiting—not players, but companies. He has a list of 75 or so that he's talked to in the last few years who send representatives to Tufts to speak to players about life after graduation, careers they can follow, courses they ought to be taking. There are talks almost every week for team members. Often, companies take on Tufts players as summer interns or quasi-apprentices to give them a taste of the business world. Some have gone on to full-time careers with such companies.

"We want our players to have a sense of academic direction," Gatto says. "We want them to have a clear idea of how the mainstream of college life goes on outside football. At Tufts there are no athletic scholarships, and our football players aren't any different from the rest of the student body. But we do take up a lot of their time and energy, and this is one of the ways we try to pay them back."

SPANISH GOLD, AMERICAN HUNTERS

When two men representing five Florida treasure hunters contacted officials of the National Audubon Society last June with news that substantial treasure lay buried in the society's Rookery Bay Sanctuary near Naples, Fla., the Audubon people were naturally skeptical. But the agents insisted that this wasn't a run-of-the-mill cache. It was the legendary hoard of Chief Carlos of the Calusa Indians, who dominated southwestern Florida in the days of the Spanish Main. According to the old tales, Carlos had salvaged untold millions from Spanish galleons wrecked along the Florida coast. Now, said the agents, an ancient diary had revealed where Carlos had buried the treasure—and the site fell within the sanctuary. They proposed to scan the target area with a boxlike electronic detector to determine the precise location of the loot. Then they'd dig down, take it out and everybody would be rich.

Although this sounded like any one of a thousand other buried-treasure stories,

the Audubon people didn't feel they could ignore it. The agents weren't fly-by-night types. One was Ron Miller, mayor of Sarasota, Fla., and the other was Benjamin Phipps, a lawyer who is a trustee of the Phipps Foundation, a general-purpose charitable organization that deals primarily with conservation matters. Further, if the public heard the rumors about Chief Carlos' cache, the bird sanctuary could be overrun and badly damaged by amateur treasure hunters, whether or not anything was actually buried there. An organized hunt would settle the question once and for all. And, of course, there was the possibility, however remote, that valuable treasure was there. While the hunters would get a substantial part of it, Audubon would get the rest.

The society decided to go ahead, and officials accompanied the treasure hunters to the general area indicated in the "diary." There, one of the hunters scanned the surface with the electronic box. Eventually, he marked off a 24-foot square and said, impressively, "The treasure is directly beneath this spot."

A soil corer ground down into the sand. And down. And down. Another hole was bored. And another. The hopes of the onlookers faded. When the search was completed, nothing had been found but water. Fresh water is a valuable commodity in Florida but hardly worth a king's ransom.

So the hunt was a failure, but at least rumors that treasure lay under the sanctuary were squelched. Or were they? Two months after the first expedition the agents were back, declaring, "We've been testing the box, and now it definitely works." They wanted another try. Audubon winced. Flocks of treasure hunters, as well as birds, now seem likely to seek sanctuary at Rookery Bay.

THEY SAID IT

• Al McGuire, ex-basketball coach: "What it takes to be a great player, beyond raw talent, is self-centeredness and a certain numbness to the crowd. Super-intelligent people can't be superb athletes. They're too aware."

• Dan Quisenberry, Kansas City Royals relief pitcher, more or less agreeing with McGuire: "You can't be thinking about too many things. Relief pitchers have to get into a zone of their own. I just hope I'm stupid enough." **END**

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No doubt about it: If Florida's victory over rival Miami is any indication of its prowess

by **JOHN PAPANEK**

First came the left-handed Miracle, then the infamous Gator Flop and, more recently, Schnellenberger's revenge, all of which culminated last year in the unforgettable last-minute field goal the kid begged to try that hit the left post and plopped through to win the game. Now add this to the storied history of the Florida-Miami rivalry: the impossible, unbelievable, falling-backward one-handed touchdown catch by Florida Fullback James Jones with 1:48 left that beat Miami 17-14 before a crowd of 71,864 at Gainesville's Florida Field last Saturday.

While Florida-Miami may not be made of quite the same stuff as Texas-Oklahoma or even Harvard-Yale, in recent years it has been a marvelously entertaining series, one that has suddenly taken on real significance.

continued

Hampton hammered out 56 yards against the tough Miami defense.







With 1:48 remaining in the game and his team trailing 14-10, Peace rolled right and then lofted the winning pass to the stumbling Jones,



FLORIDA vs. MIAMI *continued*

Both teams were in just about everybody's preseason Top 20, including SI's, which had Miami 12th and Florida 18th, and *Sport* magazine picked Florida No. 1. That the Hurricanes came into Gainesville last weekend taunting and teasing as winners of the last four games in the series was even more of an indignity to the faithful Gator fans of north Flor-

ida than having to live within the same state borders as the uppity, carpebagging, ultra-liberal, if not downright sinful, heathens of Miami itself. I'M A GATOR HATER posters were festooned all over UM's Coral Gables campus. Bumper stickers read I BRAKE FOR ALL ANIMALS EXCEPT GATORS. Miami students sported gross T-shirts. The Hurricanes' outstanding senior quarterback, Jim Kelly, wore one to an on-camera interview with Dick

Schaap of ABC News that read GATORS EAT BOOGERS. "I want everybody to know I hate Gators," said Kelly, in every other respect the all-American boy. "Can you find another shirt?" asked Schaap politely. Kelly obliged. Said Defensive Tackle Tony Chickillo, "The season's not complete unless we get to stomp some Gator meat."

But the insults that most enraged the Gators were cries of "Chicken!" from



who made a one-handed grab. The Hurricanes maintained Jones fell down before crossing the goal line, but the officials ruled otherwise.



Miami fans. Florida has indicated that its quest for greatness calls for a review of its schedule. That schedule, which includes six opponents from the Southeastern Conference as well as the state's other big-time football school, Florida State, might not have a spot for independent and private Miami next season, or ever after. It's not that Florida's afraid of Miami, y'understand. Florida wants to play Miami, but it prefers to do what, say, Al-

abama has always done. That is, load up the non-conference part of the schedule with cream puffs. No, no, not cream puffs, say the Gators. We just want to do what's most beneficial for Florida. Which is why Miami is calling Florida chicken. The Florida game is the biggest by far for UM, while Florida's opinion of the Hurricanes, though no Gator official would be caught dead saying it publicly, is "Who needs these guys?"

Hurricane Coach Howard Schnellenberger, who came to Miami the same year (1979) that Charley Pell took over at Florida, has declared, "We'll play [Florida] anyplace, anytime." Soon after arriving in Gainesville, Pell asked that, starting in 1981, the Miami game be switched from the end of the season—it usually followed Auburn, Georgia, Kentucky and FSU—to the beginning, so that the Gators would be fresh when they played

continued



Rush went over the top and in for Miami's second score.

FLORIDA vs. MIAMI continued

the Hurricanes. Also, because Florida was tired of playing to quarter-full houses in the Orange Bowl, it demanded a flat \$100,000 instead of 50% of the gate. Schnellenberger agreed to both demands. Miami then went out and beat Florida 31-7 in the last game of '80, tacking on an in-your-face field goal on the final play in retaliation for Gator fans' pelting Miami players and coaches with oranges, tangerines and ice cubes during the game. The Hurricanes then beat Flor-

ida 21-20 in the first game of the '81 season on a 55-yard field goal with 40 seconds remaining, only because Kacker Danny Miller begged for a chance to try it. By the way, the game drew 73,817 fans to the Orange Bowl, and \$100,000 was about what the concessions did that afternoon.

Before this year's game, Schnellenberger said, "It's inconceivable in a series like this, that's gone 44 years with a one-year interruption for a major war, that suddenly there's a scheduling problem."

At which Pell snapped, "Howard has never discussed it with me, and I don't like anybody telling anybody else what I think 'cause I'm quite capable of doing that myself." After that retort, Pell deferred all questions on scheduling to Athletic Director Bill Garr, who said, "We traditionally have played six conference games plus two intrastate rivals, and in 48 years we've never won an SEC title. Now, we're doing something wrong, am I right?"

To rattle the Gators even more, Schnellenberger has staked claim to wide territorial recruiting rights in football-rich Florida. "In 1979 we drew a line east to west from Vero Beach and created the state of Miami," he says. "In 1980 we annexed Orlando. Then, last year, in the still of the night, we annexed Tampa." Schnellenberger also brazenly declared that this is Miami's year to "Go for it," meaning the national championship.

Stories of past Miami heroics and dastardly Gator deeds are told and retold by Hurricane fans. The lefthanded pass by righty George Mira that beat Florida in 1961 is in no danger of being forgotten, nor is the infamous Gator Flop of 1971. Florida (3-7) was beating Miami (4-5) 45-8 in the Orange Bowl, with the Hurri-

cans driving in the final minutes. Gator Quarterback John Reaves needed 14 yards to break Jim Plunkett's NCAA career passing-yardage record. The Florida defense felt the Miami offense was deliberately stalling to deprive Reaves of his opportunity for the record. So with Miami on the Gator eight-yard line, Florida called time out. On the next snap the Gator defense dropped flat to the turf, allowing Miami Quarterback John Hornbrook to trot in for a touchdown. Reaves then got his record, but the stunt stuck in Miami's craw.

This year the pregame hype had been so intense, chances seemed slim that the game would live up to expectations. That seemed the case in the first half, when both teams gave up the ball on a fumble and an interception. Hurricane Halfback Mark Rush fumbled on the Florida one-yard line on Miami's first possession. Pell ran Jones and Running Back Lorenzo Hampton at the young Miami defenders with great success, and early in the second quarter Florida's own Golden Boy quarterback, 6' 2", 218-pound Wayne Peace, scored the game's first touchdown on a bootleg from the Miami five.

Miami then immediately marched 78 yards for the tying touchdown. But it was an ugly drive. On first down at the Florida 47, speedster Rocky Blik, the Hurricanes' only experienced wide receiver, dropped a perfect pass from Kelly. On second down, Kelly, who would get excellent protection all afternoon from his superb line, seemed loath to run with an open field ahead of him and all his receivers covered. He made two yards, and Miami might have been in big trouble if Linebacker Wilber Marshall and Cornerback Ivory Curry hadn't taken an extra-big Gator bite out of Kelly. The personal foul penalty they drew kept the Hurricane drive alive. A pass-interference infraction, against Curry, and an offside also helped keep the Miami drive going, until Kelly hit Tight End Glenn Dennison with a six-yard pass for the touchdown.

Schnellenberger has had no qualms about placing the entire burden of Miami's season on the 6' 3", 215-pound Kelly's broad shoulders. "He's the most productive college quarterback I've ever been around, and that includes Namath," said Schnellenberger, who was an assistant under Bear Bryant at Alabama in the Namath years, 1962-64. "How well

we do is basically up to him." No less an authority than Earl Morrill, Miami's quarterback coach, thinks not only that Kelly will be an excellent signal-caller in the pros, but also that "coming out of a pro system like Miami's, he'll adjust to the NFL much more quickly than most guys." Adds Mira, most of whose school passing records Kelly has already broken, "He's got toughness. That you can't teach."

Toughness indeed. By halftime Florida's Jim Gainey had booted a 38-yard field goal to put the Gators ahead 10-7, and Kelly hit the air-conditioned Miami locker room steaming over a mere 56 yards passing on seven completions. His receivers had dropped at least four strikes, but the line had done colossal work in the heat. At game time the temperature on the field was 108°. In fact, Kelly had been indecisive, not in control "I was letting our team down," he said.

After Miami stopped the Gators on their first third-quarter possession, Kelly, who ended up completing 18 of 30 passes for 170 yards, directed an elegant 86-yard touchdown drive that consumed nearly seven minutes. He mixed handoffs to Rush, Keith (brother of Archie) Griffin and Speedy Neal and completed five straight passes. The last throw, a 27-yarder to Rush, set up a one-yard plunge by Rush that gave the Hurricanes a 14-10 lead.

Miami's defense stopped Florida once more, and the Hurricanes mounted a drive that carried into the fourth quarter. Again Kelly was magnificent, completing four more passes in a row until Curry, with a lot of mistakes to atone for, tipped away a strenger for Belk that might have put the game away. When the Hurricane drive stalled at the Florida 15, Miami still had a chance to go up by seven, but Jeff Davis narrowly missed a 31-yard field-goal attempt. The Gators drove to the Miami 22, but were stopped there with 5:37 to go. "I wouldn't say we had a let-down then," said Peace. "It was more like a sigh, you know, like dang."

"When we didn't make that first down I was very disappointed," said Pell. "I began to think it might be the end. But when I saw the look in the eyes of our defense . . . well, I thought we might get another shot."

Miami surely didn't think so. Schellenberger figured that, at worst, any kind of decent punt would put Florida into a

desperate hole even though Peace, the third-best passer in Florida history behind Reaves and Steve Spurrier, was almost finished with an 18-for-24, 220-yard day. After the Hurricanes failed to pick up a first down, Greg LaBelle's punt earned only 35 yards, and the Gators took over on their own 39 with 4:02 left.

To this point the Miami defense had played a nearly perfect second half, and when Peace dropped back on the fourth play of the series, Middle Guard Tony Fitzpatrick had a solid hand around his ankle. But Peace shook him and found Dwayne Dixon streaking across the middle. Dixon made the catch, broke two tackles and went 27 yards to the Miami

18. It was time for another chapter to be added to Gator-Hurricane history.

With less than two minutes left, Offensive Coordinator Mike Shanahan called for a 32 naked pass right, a pass-run option for the quarterback. It was the same play Peace had scored on, but the Hurricanes had since shut it off several times. "I was kind of nervous about it," said Peace. "The tackle shot out and cut off my running lane. I looked to the tight end first and he was covered." Jones ran to where he was supposed to be—seven yards downfield toward the right sideline. But when he saw Peace looking elsewhere, he drifted back. In truth, he said, he had no idea where he was. Besides, he

was playing without his contact lenses and everything was a little blurry. And, oh yes, he was suffering from the heat. And the pass was wobbly and high.

Jones was backpedaling and stumbling toward the right foam pylon that marks the goal line when he saw the shape of the ball coming. He jumped, and as he fell he threw his arms upward. He felt the flat part of the ball strike the palm of his right hand, so he reflexively pulled the arm in as he went down on his back, dragging both feet along the sideline. His teammates piled on top of him in a delirium of joy. "I looked up through the bodies and saw the referee put his hands up, and I thought, 'Oh, I must have scored a touchdown.'" Pell called the catch a "Willie Mays deluxe."

No one, except the officials, could figure how Jones scored, because he appeared to be down before his momentum carried him across the goal line. That's something the Hurricanes will mull over while they try to figure out how to win the national championship with no better than a 10-1 record—"Our goal hasn't changed," said Schellenberger—and how to win the Florida game next year, if there is a Florida game next year.

After sleeping at intermission, Kelly played superbly.





Sims spent the last week at his home in suburban Detroit.

The Buffalo Bills were present, but not Joe Cribbs. Across the field at Buffalo's Rich Stadium were the Detroit Lions, but not Billy Sims. Last Saturday night the Bills defeated the Lions 13-10 in a preseason game most notable for the absence of stars the teams could ill afford not to have in uniform. For the time being the fans had to be content with news of the third-year running backs' contract gridlock rather than their exploits on the gridiron.

Cribbs, lest you forget, was the AFC Rookie of the Year in 1980 and became only the second Buffalo back (after O.J. Simpson) to gain 1,000 yards rushing in consecutive seasons. Sims was the NFL Rookie of the Year in '80, and in '81 he rushed for a team-record 1,457 yards and 13 TDs.

Both Cribbs and Sims are represented by Jerry Argovitz, the dentist-turned-player-agent whom Lion owner Bill Ford has called a "lunatic" and a "leech." In a

Detroit Free Press reader opinion survey that asked, "Do you think the Lions should renegotiate Sims's contract?" 64% said no. Said one reader, "He ought to get himself an attorney and get rid of that dentist."

However, in Buffalo, many fans agree with Quarterback Joe Ferguson, who believes owner Ralph Wilson's penuriousness is beginning to affect the team. Wilson lost Receiver Ahmad Rashad to free agency in 1975 and allowed Linebacker Tom Cousineau to go to Canada and now to the Cleveland Browns. Wilson's reputation for sparing the checkbook goes back to the 1960s, before the AFL-NFL merger, when he teased Buffalo fans by drafting luminaries like Paul Warfield and Carl Eller but never seriously tried to sign them. "How can the Bills help but get a Joe Cribbs back?" Ferguson asked

last week. "If a player signs a contract," Wilson had said, "he should live up to his word."

"Without Joe Cribbs," argues Argovitz, "the Buffalo Bills are like an airplane without wheels—they can't take off and they can't land. And without Billy Sims, Detroit can't even line up."

Last year Buffalo ran the ball 524 times, and Cribbs carried it 257 times. Cribbs was also Buffalo's No. 3 pass-catcher, with 40 receptions. Sims, too, is a workhorse. Of the Lions' 1,168 rushes in 1980 and '81, Sims made 609 of them. He had 26 of Detroit's 47 rushing touchdowns during that period, putting him just two shy of the Lion career record set by Nick Pietrosante in 1959-65.

In the season before Sims arrived, Detroit was 2-14. With him it has gone 9-7 and 8-8. Since Cribbs signed on, the Bills have gone 11-5 and 10-6, making the playoffs both seasons. In 1979, Buffalo was 7-9.

Cribbs is in the third year of a four-year contract worth a reported \$845,000, counting bonuses, a maximum of \$240,000 this year. After his second Pro Bowl selection, he inquired of Stew Barber, a Bills' vice-president, "Do you think I'm getting paid my real value?"

"Yes, Joe," Barber said, "because you're getting what it says you get right here in your contract."

The Bills were similarly cavalier with Cribbs in 1980. He was to get a \$10,000 bonus if he rushed for 1,200 yards. He missed by 15 yards and got hot when the Bills refused to award him the bonus anyway. Last year Cribbs was replaced on the Pro Bowl team because of an injury suffered in Buffalo's playoff loss to Cincinnati. He asked Barber to send him and his wife to the Pro Bowl in Honolulu just the same, to "represent the Bills." Barber responded that to do so was against team policy. "It's the little things that show the Bills are a no-class operation," Cribbs said last week. "I always have to give in."

What Cribbs is asking for now is a new five-year deal for \$3.47 million. In May the Bills offered him four years at a reported \$1.2 million, counting incentives and bonuses. The two sides haven't had a meaningful talk since.

Running Behind Schedule

Billy Sims and Joe Cribbs were off and fuming at preseason's end

by MICHAEL DELNAGRO

Cribbs went back to his high school for devilish workouts.

Sims is also in the third year of a four-year contract. He isn't trying to renegotiate his pay for this year; his beef with Detroit is over what he's to make next year. Sims insists that when he signed his original contract, money terms for the 1983 season were left blank, to be filled in after 1981—giving him two years to prove his worth. Sims swears he and Lion General Manager Russ Thomas shook hands on the arrangement. Nonsense, Thomas says. Sims marched into Lion Coach Monte Clark's office last April 1 and snapped, "The man lied. I want out."

About two weeks later Thomas sent Sims a new three-year contract filling in numbers for 1983-85 at a base of \$1.13 million with an option year negotiable. Sims, who didn't want his contract extended beyond '83, was angered.

Last Wednesday Sims and Argovitz held a press conference in the Somerset Inn in Troy, Mich. to argue their case. In a move that he claimed would "blow the roof off the Silverdome," Argovitz pulled out a copy of a phone bill, which showed that Argovitz had placed a call from Houston to the number at Thomas' home in Detroit at 1:46 a.m. on June 6, 1980,

the day on which Sims would sign the contract that is now in dispute. Argovitz says he had phoned to inform Thomas that Sims would accept a three-year deal, no more. According to Argovitz, Thomas insisted they meet that day and, when they did, Argovitz and Sims swear that Thomas agreed to "fill in" the fourth-year figures after the 1981 season. Afterward, Sims insists, he and Thomas shook hands on the deal. However, at the press conference, with the Silverdome roof still firmly in place, Argovitz admitted that at the time he was unaware that the Standard NFL Players Contract forbids verbal agreements. "It's not fair for Billy's dentist to fight Mr. Thomas' lawyers," says Argovitz, who has hired his own attorney, Gerald Tockman of St. Louis.

The press conference began with a surprise visit by Clark and the Detroit offensive line. "We miss you a lot, Billy," Tackle Keith Dorney said. "We think a lot of you as a human being, and we'd like to have you back."

Sims then spoke. "The issue isn't money," he said. "It's based on a man's handshake and his word. Hopefully now I can talk with Mr. Ford one-on-one. [As it developed, Sims was scheduled to confer with Ford this week.] Jerry Argovitz works for me; I can fire him when I get ready." The room erupted in cheers. "If Mr. Ford fires Mr. Thomas," Sims added, "I will fire Jerry Argovitz."

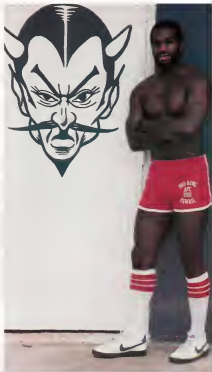
Cribbs seemed even further away from coming to terms with the Bills. Last week he was in Sulligent, Ala., visiting his mother. "There's no way I can play at my present salary," he said. "I'm fully aware

of my value to the club as an all-purpose back. I run and catch passes. Not just dump passes; I go 40 yards downfield. I may not get 1,800 yards [rushing] like a George Rogers, but I'll get 1,000 or 1,200, which to the Bill attack is just as good as Rogers rushing for a ton of yards. Maybe things can be worked out if I can meet with the boss."

Seeing Wilson won't be easy. "I can't do anything about his holdout," says Bills Coach Chuck Knox, "but if he gets back here I'll sleep a lot better."

Needless to say, Clark wants Sims back, too; "I know what great production a back like Billy can give," he says. "With great backs you can see vibrations going, and you can feel you're gonna do it right then and there."

The question is, when will Sims and Cribbs be then and there?



Agent Argovitz is looking for cavities in the Detroit and Buffalo negotiating positions.

Hoping To Bring In One Last Big Harvest

If Baltimore doesn't die on the vine, Manager Earl Weaver could have a great going-away present in his final (maybe) season **by STEVE WULF**

Back in the spring at Miami Stadium, the noted author Earl Weaver was ribbing the noted author Ron Luciano about alleged inaccuracies in *The Umpire Strikes Back*, Luciano's bestseller-to-be. When Luciano invoked poetic license, Weaver said, "Like it says in *Hamlet*, Ron, 'This above all: to thine own self be true.'"

The story's not finished. Edwin Pope, sports editor of *The Miami Herald*, recorded the exchange in his column. Unfortunately, he got the quotation confused with another from *Hamlet* and put it in the mouth of Horatio. The next time Weaver saw Pope, he said, "Edwin, if Polonius didn't blooming say it, I've lived the last 35 years of my life backwards."

It shouldn't be surprising that Earl Weaver quotes Shakespeare, or is coming out with a line of plant food, or plays golf to a seven handicap, or schneiders his players at gin, or has his Orioles in yet another pennant race, maybe his farewell pennant race. "Baseball is a game of surprises," he says, "so nothing surprises me." Weaver is a man of surprises.

As of Sunday night he had Baltimore just four games in back of the Milwaukee Brewers in the American League East. The Orioles had won eight straight and 15 of 16, and they could find some hope in their remaining schedule, which is easier than the Brewers'. The O's have been written off any number of times this year, and even Weaver is conceding them

only an outside chance, although he may be just blowing smoke. "How can anybody pick us?" asks the manager, who goes through half a pack of cigarettes during a good game. "We're eighth in hitting and eighth in pitching." Indeed, the only player who has been consistently good all season is First Baseman Eddie Murray. At week's end he was batting .319, with 26 homers and 86 RBIs.

But the man carrying the standard for Baltimore lately has been Weaver's longtime companion and foil, Jim Palmer—Prince Hal to his Falstaff. Traded by the newspapers and denoted by Weaver to the bullpen in May, Palmer has won 11 straight since June 7. Last week he



During an argument with Cooney over a balk call...





PHOTOGRAPH BY JERRY WACHTER

Santarone has been Weaver's best man in the garden, on the grounds and at the altar.

pitched his first shutouts since 1978, a 1-0 four-hitter over Toronto and a 3-0, one-hitter against Minnesota.

On Saturday night against the Twins, Palmer walked in from his warmup in the bullpen to a standing ovation by the Memorial Stadium crowd. "It was a very nice gesture, and that hasn't happened since the '73 playoffs," Palmer said later. Minnesota's only hit was a fifth-inning single by Gary Gaetti; past the outstretched glove of Shortstop Cal Ripken. Palmer allowed just three base runners, and struck out seven. The crowd of 19,536 called him out of the dugout after the game. Still, as Duncan said in *Macbeth*, "More is thy due than more than all can pay."

"He was beautiful, amazing," said Weaver. "That was the best I've seen any pitcher look this year." Naturally, Palmer disagreed. According to Pitching Coach Ray Miller, "He said during the game that he didn't feel like he was throwing well at all."

It's very nice of Palmer to give Weaver all these going-away presents. Earl is in

continued



... Weaver made his points on the mound.

the last of his 15 years as Baltimore's manager, having announced his retirement some time ago. Why should he leave now, at age 52, having finished first or second 12 of his 14 previous seasons? As he said in spring training, "Just once, I want to see the sky turn to dusk without the stadium lights coming on." As he said last week, "I'm tired of sleepless nights, I'm tired of reading how stupid I am in

tracks, the dog tracks, pinochle, eating his home-canned vegetables and learning the names of his grandchildren. He won't smoke as much. His book, *It's What You Learn After You Know It All That Counts*, is still selling well, although he's miffed that Luciano's is on the bestseller list and his isn't. He and Pat Santaroni, the Orioles' groundskeeper, are about to sprout on the plant food market with a product called, strangely enough, Pat & Earl's Plant Food. "There'll be two different kinds," says Weaver. "One for root vegetables and one for leaf vegetables." And then there's broadcasting. Given Weaver's propensity for foul words, one might think he'd be unsuitable for television, but actually, as he's proved on his daily radio show on WFBR, he can be both pretty good and non-propane. Why, he's meeting with ABC about a job this very week.

Weaver's plans for the next two seasons include a continuing relationship with the Orioles. He will be a major league scout in spring training and in late August and September. Speculation about his successor takes in Coaches Miller and Cal Ripken Sr. and John McNamara, Frank Robinson, Tony La Russa, Joe Altobelli and even Palmer. Weaver favors Ripken, who replaced him while Earl served his week's suspension in July for striking Umpire Terry Cooney in the face during an argument.

At the beginning of the season, Weaver-watchers were worried that his heart might not be in managing this year, but that view changed with his first ejection on July 10. Three games later he conducted a balk clinic for Umpire Cooney, taking Pitcher Dennis Martinez's glove away from him to demonstrate. The next day came the Cooney-Weaver bout.

Some of the players are still skeptical about Earl's leaving. "He just wants a van and a trip to Hawaii," says Rich Dauer. On Sept. 19 the Orioles will honor Weaver with a Thanks, Earl Day. He'll get a van, a golf cart complete with beer tap, clubs, a stereo and many surprise gifts. The Orioles will also present him with the world's largest greeting card, and Terry Cashman, of *Talkin' Baseball* fame, will sing a song he wrote in Earl's honor. Parting is such sweet sorrow.

"I'll miss him," says Santaroni, who was Earl's groundskeeper in Elmira in the early '60s and the best man at his

marriage to Marianna. "Sort of like the way you'd miss a rock that's been hanging around your neck for 20 years. When I first knew him, he didn't know a watermelon from a wheelbarrow. Now he thinks he's a better groundskeeper than I am. Well, I'm a better manager than he's a groundskeeper. Seriously, I'll miss him. In the 20 years I've known him, he's never told a lie. He's hurt people, but that's because the truth hurts. Of course, about tomatoes, he does lie."

This above all to thine own self be true. "I remembered that from my sophomore year in high school," says Weaver, "and I've always tried to live by it." Earl may have remembered that line from Polonius' speech to Laertes in Act I, Scene III, but he forgot that Polonius also said, "Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar" and "Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice."

"His voice is what gets me," says George (Storm) Davis, the Orioles' 20-year-old pitcher—until the September collapse the youngest player in the majors. "Usually, when I'm on the mound I'm concentrating so hard I can't even hear the crowd. But even in Fenway I can hear Earl yelling at me when I go 2 and 0 on a batter." Davis has done a fine job for the Orioles this year—he's already being compared to the young Palmer—and is one of three rookies Weaver has been using. Weaver stuck with Ripken despite a horrendous start, and through Sunday, Junior shared the AL rookie lead for homers with 22 and led the O's in doubles (27) and triples (5). After Ripken was moved to shortstop on July 1, Weaver brought up Glenn Guliffré and put him at third. Despite a Lilliputian average of .215, Guliffré walks a lot and has an on-base percentage of .374.

As Gertrude said in *Hamlet*, "Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper, sprinkle cool patience." Patience is Weaver's great virtue. He waits for the big inning, he waits for a player to come around, he waits for the team to turn around. Which is why, once again, the Orioles are in the race. The starting pitchers, who couldn't find their stride for almost five months, have thrown nine complete games in their last 14 outings. And, as in days of old, there is Palmer, or "Cakes," as he is known in the clubhouse for his Jockey shorts ad.

His ERA for the 11-game winning streak is 2.20, and he could have had

continued



Palmer, 13-3, had two shutouts last week.

the papers from some player I've bent over backwards to keep in the lineup. I'm tired of stepping on toes."

Although some feel that Weaver doth protest too much, he has, in fact, sold his house in the Perry Hall section of Baltimore County. His permanent home will be the town house he owns overlooking the Country Club of Miami in Hialeah. "I'll put my feet up on the hassock and look out at the fourth and seventh fairways," he says. "The seventh is one of the toughest par-fives I've ever seen. But I can put that bloomer every time."

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maybe three more wins in that time if he had gotten a little more support. "My arm is strong again," says Palmer, "and with the arm came confidence, and with my confidence came the confidence of the people behind me." At 36, "He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age. . . ." That comes from the Messenger in *Much Ado About Nothing*.

Palmer worked hard in the off-season to strengthen his right shoulder. "I was tired of the flak about not being the pitcher I once was," he says. In spring training he looked very good, but at the start of the season he tried to do too much and hurt his back, and that's when his troubles started. On May 6 he faced just three California Angels, said he had a stiff neck and was sent to the bullpen for almost three weeks. "I'm not saying it was the right thing to do," says Palmer, "but I did get a chance to strengthen my arm." In the meantime, he was rumored headed to Kansas City for Shortstop U.L. Washington. Palmer said he wanted out.

On May 25 he returned to the rotation, and he has been 12-1 since. "I just love to watch him," says Miller. "I learn something new every time he goes out, and I'm a pitching coach, for Pete's sake. He's dedicated to his conditioning—he runs five miles the day after the season ends—and he's got a photographic memory about situations, counts, which way the wind was blowing, in games he didn't even pitch."

At the All-Star break, Palmer all but stopped talking to the press. "I suggested it," says Miller. "He was upset at the sarcastic questions that were being asked, and I told him to let his 250 wins do his talking. Guys were burying him, and I knew sooner or later he was going to burn them." Or, as Lear said, "Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend. . . ."

On Saturday night Palmer had all four pitches—his fastball, curve, slider and changeup—working. His motion is a little different from the vintage Palmer's—at one point all four appendages are fully extended, like a jack's—but he's still very smooth. "If that wasn't the Jim Palmer of old, I'd hate to have faced him then," said Twins rookie Kent Hrbek.

"I haven't seen stuff like that all year," said Weaver. "Although I don't know why he threw those two changeups to the leadoff batter he walked in the ninth."

The relationship between Weaver and Palmer is a strange and wondrous thing

When Weaver was arrested last August for drunken driving, Baltimore County Police Officer William T. Koenig asked him if he had any physical defects. "Jim Palmer," Earl muttered.

For his part, Palmer doesn't much like the idea of a lame-duck manager. "When Earl went in to negotiate his long-term contract, he told them he couldn't manage if he didn't know he was coming back," says Palmer. "Well, it cuts both ways." Palmer still openly questions Weaver's decision to put Ripken at shortstop and remove Lenn Sakata.

"Both of them are perfectionists and both of them are honest," says Miller. "Earl will go out to the mound, and Jim will say, 'I got nothing left,' and Earl will say, 'But you're my best pitcher,' and the shouting starts. To compound things, Earl feels he can't get close to his players, and it's not in the best interest of the ace of your staff to get too close to the manager. Earl doesn't want Jim to know how he feels about him, and vice versa. I think when it's all over, they'll let each other know."

Weaver explains their relationship by quoting a fellow author. "It's like Shakespeare blooming said: 'Familiarity breeds contempt.'" Actually, Aeschop wrote that. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, though, Shakespeare wrote, "Upon familiarity will grow more contempt."

A funny thing is happening to Weaver as he makes his last (maybe) turn around the league. He's getting applause from crowds on the road. Last Wednesday in Toronto, the public-address announcer told the fans, "The Toronto management would like to take this opportunity to wish Earl Weaver the best of luck in his retirement. Thanks for the memories." The umpires even applauded, maybe because they're happy to see him go. Then Exhibition Stadium filled with the strains of *The Duke of Earl*.

On the bus to the Toronto airport, the players picked up the refrain, "Duke, Duke, Duke, Duke of Earl, Duke, Duke. . . ." Weaver stormed down the aisle from the front of the bus. "We're still five games back, you bloomers."

On the plane ride home, Weaver asked that the players send their best representative forward to play some gin. Earl pro-

Waiting in the wings to take over is Ripken Sr., who had a 7-2 record in Earl's absence.



Fruits (and vegetables) of Earl's labors.

ceeded to put the schied on Infielder Terry Crowley. A few days later, Weaver and Catcher Rick Dempsey were discussing the game of gin. Weaver attributed his success to skill. Dempsey said it was luck. "Here you are," said Dempsey, "at the dawn of your retirement, and you're still talking crap."

"You're wrong," said Weaver. "As Ptolemy said to his son Laertes before he left for France. . . ."

END



He Walks The Straight And Narrow

When Bobby Allison won the Firecracker 400 at Daytona on the Fourth of July, he got out of his Buick, smiled at the cameras and declared, "I love apple pie, Chevrolet, Ronald Reagan and Bear Bryant." It wasn't a political message but an expression of Allison's faith and optimism.

Try this for faith and optimism: Allison is 44. He has been a race driver for 28 years, 17 in the NASCAR Grand National ranks. He's one of the four greatest stock car drivers of all time. The other three—Richard Petty, David Pearson and Cale Yarborough—have won the Grand National championship, the Winston Cup for the most points earned during a racing season, seven, three and three times, respectively. Allison has finished second four times, including last year when he was in contention into the final race before losing to Darrell Waltrip. Allison's car was often the fastest on the track, and he won a career-high \$644,311 for his team in '81. But his racing philosophy didn't mesh with that of the team's owner or the crew chief. So he quit and signed last December with a new team, DiGard/Gatorade, which had a 10-year history of turmoil without a single championship to show for it. DiGard is the 22nd different team Allison has driven for during his career, this difficulty in finding a comfortable niche, he acknowledges, is one of the reasons he hasn't won the Winston Cup.

But Allison and DiGard have been good for each other. The collaboration has brought Allison six wins and 3,142 points so far this year, for a slim lead over Terry Labonte (3,077) before the Southern 500 at Darlington on Labor Day. And Allison has brought stability to DiGard, not to mention the Big Banana—the

...until you crowd him. Then veteran driver Bobby Allison crowds back. At the moment, he's leading the race for the NASCAR title

by SAM MOSES



Behind the pits and between events at Daytona, Allison strides past his transporter (left).

Daytona 500, which Allison won in his first race for the team. Says crew chief Gary Nelson, 29, "We're at peace. We haven't had a cross word all year. That's what I've always strived for, to be on a team like that. DiGard is finally enjoying the potential we've always had." Nelson was sweeping the garage floor in 1977, he is DiGard's crew chief now largely as a result of a process of elimination—team owner Bill Gardner fires crew chiefs the way George Steinbrenner fires managers.

Nelson could go on and on about All-

ison's pluses. Bobby is firm but patient with mechanics. He's the best in the business at setting up a chassis. Because Allison has run his own team so many times, he understands a crew chief's problems. Because he has so many racing miles behind him—perhaps more than any driver ever—he has seen every on-track pitfall there is and knows how to avoid them; his instinct for dodging pileups is unmatched. He has incredible stamina. And, most important to a crew chief, he never gives an inch on the track.



Here is where we have the Bobby Allison paradox: Off the track he's as warm, generous, patient and true-blue as race drivers come. But on the track he has a ruthless streak as wide as the racing groove. His racing mottos are "Whatever it takes" and "Don't give any, don't ask for any."

Fender rubbing is part of the stock car racing game, and every driver has had his share of incidents. Allison has had more than his share. In one race alone this year, he was involved in three separate incidents with two other drivers. Said

Morgan Shepherd, a Grand National sophomore who smacked him twice, "Allison drove like an idiot." Said Labonte, who collided with Allison trying to lap him three laps from the finish, "Who does Allison think he is, God?"

Allison contends he has never been at fault. He concedes he has crowded other drivers unintentionally, or slid into them when he might have been trying too hard, but he pleads innocent to anything else. "I can't readily think of a situation where I was to blame for bumping," he says. "I always felt like I was right, like

the other people didn't understand the situation, the whole picture, and consequently they reacted on less than 100 percent knowledge. Then I was put in a position of retaliating or defending myself or whatever." Another Allison motto might be "Don't initiate, retaliate."

Though it wouldn't be at all hard to find a few dozen drivers who would fall down laughing at Allison's claim to 28 years of innocence, his case isn't without merit. First, there is his basic fairness; he does indeed practice a two-edged version of the golden rule. "Don't give any, don't

continued

ask for any" might be one interpretation. Second, no one can survive 28 years in oval racing if he's seriously looking for trouble.

Allison was one of the protagonists in the most famous feud in stock car racing. It's over now, but for years, in the late '60s and early '70s, he and Richard Petty went after each other on the track like pit bulls. Allison had been king of the modified division but in 1967 was a new boy on the Grand National circuit, which Petty was dominating that year. It started with a fender bashing in the next-to-last race of the year at North Wilkesboro, N.C. and simmered until the summer of 1968, when, after they had whapped each other at a race at Islip, N.Y., Petty's crew, led by his brother, Maurice, and cousin, Dale Inman, went after Allison and his crew, led by Allison's brother Eddie. A mass scuffle ensued.

Petty's and Allison's explanations for the feud are identical. He started it; all I did was retaliate. "And you know," says Allison, "when a person retaliates, you don't really get even, you get up a little. And so if he rubbed me a little, I rubbed him a little harder. Well, then he didn't remember that he just rubbed me, so he rubbed me a little harder than I just rubbed him. And then I rubbed him a little harder again, and the next thing you know we're knocking each other's fenders off."

For five years it went on like that, on superspeedways as well as short tracks; at times their "rubbing" was downright dangerous, and they both knew it.

Eventually, according to one version, the two crews met in a restaurant in Riv-

erside, Calif., and Petty had the common sense to announce an official end to it all. He edged Allison for the championship that year, though Allison won more races and was named Driver of the Year. Even today, Allison believes the two of them can't be friends until they've both retired from racing. He says he admires Petty as much as anyone he knows: "Richard treats people right whether they're rich, poor, famous, unknown, young, old or whatever. And he drives the wheels off a race car."

Off the track, Allison plays by apple pie rules. He's devoutly religious—a lifelong Catholic—and a faithful family man. He rarely denies requests for appearances for special causes, often quietly volunteering, turning up at schools for handicapped children and Boy Scout

meetings. "All those favors get returned," he says simply.

He's unfailingly obliging to his fans and after a race will listen attentively to them, though they rarely say anything he hasn't heard thousands of times before. Last year, for the fourth time in his career, he was voted the most popular Grand National driver in a NASCAR poll among members. "Not fans, friends," he often says of his people.

As the fourth-oldest and most successful of 13 brothers and sisters, Allison has inherited the role of family leader and the responsibilities it entails. His siblings can turn to him if they're broke or hurting. His parents, in the 55th year of their marriage, live across the street from him in Hueytown, Ala., a suburb of Birmingham, in a double-wide mobile home he



In his first outing for his new team, Allison got the DiGard/Gatorade Buick out in front at Daytona—where he was at the finish.



provided for them. His father, E.J., is known as Pop around the NASCAR garages. Bobby is, of course, the provider for his own family: Judy, his wife of 22 years; Carrie, 15; Clifford, 17; Bonnie, 19; and Davey, 21, who drives the local short tracks and prepares his car—one of Bobby's old ones—in the shop near the house.

Bobby says grace before meals in restaurants. His idea of a high time is taking the family to an amusement park and



Mud in his eye—or what happened when Allison got behind a car or three on a muddy track one summer night in Hagerstown, Md.

maybe a G-rated movie afterward. His race day routine includes Mass in the morning, and he sometimes brings a priest to the races, among them Father Dale Grabba, a friend and fan who moonlights from his parish work in Waterloo, Wis. to write for *Stock Car Racing Magazine*. About the only uncomplicated thing that can be pinned on Allison off the track is that he sometimes yells at his wife and kids.

It does make one wonder: Could this be the same man who would push a competitor up against a wall, and maybe into it, at 190 mph? Well, Allison would say he never initiates, he only retaliates.

Allison's values present him with a moral dilemma in the NASCAR garages. NASCAR has this philosophy about rules enforcement. The more vague and arbitrary you are, the more power you have. NASCAR has an attitude toward cheating that not only tacitly encourages it but makes a game of it. And if you're a driver and your motto is "Whatever it takes," and a competitor has 50 more horsepower than you, and it's illegal horsepower and everybody knows it, then, says Allison, "you have to consider it." After all, you didn't initiate it.

"When I went to my first Grand National race, my car was dead legal and I noticed right away it looked different from the others," he says. "It was so high a tall dog could have run under it without even settin' his ears back. When I looked over and saw the next guy's car nearly dragging on the ground, I knew there was a big gray area as far as interpretation of the rules went." Like virtually all the top



drivers, he has been caught and penalized for cheating. He maintains a sense of humor about it. Once, after arriving late for a Sunday morning drivers' meeting, he explained, "I was in church—praying nobody would find out what we've been doing to our car."

Allison was born and raised in Miami and in 1959 went to Alabama with his brother Donnie, a noted race driver in his own right, in a pickup truck, solely because the opportunity to race was greater there. He was 21 and Donnie 19, and they had no specific destination in Alabama in mind. They stopped for gas and asked where the nearest short track was and were pointed 100 miles north to Montgomery. For months they lived in their truck and \$1.50-per-night boardinghouses while they raced. "It was the best thing I've ever done for my career," Allison says. "We could run Tuesday

night, Wednesday night, Thursday night, Friday night, Saturday afternoon, Saturday night and Sunday afternoon." In 1962 he won the NASCAR modified-special championship and did it again in 1963. In '64 and '65 he won the NASCAR modified championship, running as many as 100 races a year on tracks all over the country.

It's a pace he has largely maintained to this day; he still runs short tracks on week-nights between Grand National races, only now he flies to tracks in his

Piper Aerostar, which he has converted into a Superstar with a kit that improves the aerodynamics and gives the two turbo-charged engines more horsepower. He loves flying and tinkering with the plane. "It's my one vice, my one special thing of my own," he says. He might hit 10 towns a week, crisscrossing the country for appointments: p.r. or testing or short-track races or personal appearances for worthy causes. Says his shop manager, Donnie Johnson, "Let me tell you something: If you want to keep up with Bobby, you best take you a big long nap first, because you're in for a busy time."

Allison hasn't counted the number of races he's run or the racing miles he's driven (as for wins, he thinks "about 520"), but NASCAR tallies the Grand National miles, and he has logged more than 156,000. He just can't get enough of racing cars around in circles, and that, far more than anything else, is what makes Bobby run.

In 1976 and 1977 Allison survived a terrible slump. It started with two serious crashes in '76, a little more than four months apart. The first, in the Carolina 500 at Rockingham, N.C. in February, put him in the hospital for four days with a broken sternum, broken ribs and internal bruises after he barrel-rolled his Mercury. The second, at a short track in Elko, Minn. on a Saturday night in July, nearly did him in. He slid in some oil and hit a concrete abutment. Says Neil Bonnett, now a Grand National circuit driver but then racing on short tracks under Allison's tutelage, "I came into his shop the next Monday and there was the car with the front all pushed in, the motor pushed back into the firewall, the steering wheel

continued



ALLISON continued

jammed back against the roll bars, blood all over the inside. I thought he must have been dead."

Allison had 11 broken bones, including four ribs and two facial bones, plus smashed bones in both feet, a total of 40 stitches near his right eye and in his right cheek and upper lip, a "blowout fracture" of the bone below the right eye and "various other sundry ailments." He was in intensive care in a hospital in Minneapolis, 26 miles away, until Thursday, when a friend came and flew him back home. But he was in another battle for the Winston Cup, and because full points for a given car's performance are earned by the driver who starts a race—even if he is relieved by another driver—Allison felt he had to start that Friday night in Nashville. On Thursday, Bonnett swiped him off his back porch.

"We just picked him up, cut a big cross off his foot and put him in the motor home and headed for Nashville," says Bonnett. "Bobby managed to qualify and run one lap and get his points, and he pulled in and I took over and drove the race. But he was beat up so bad he couldn't hardly move. We had to sew some bug handles on the shoulders of his uniform to pull him out of the car, and I know we about killed him when we did."

Allison raced the next week in a 500-miler and finished the 1976 season in fourth place, and in great pain. He didn't win again until February 1978, enduring a dry spell of 67 races. The injuries from the crashes had weakened him more than he knew, and new, unrelated ailments be-

gan to eat at him. He found he had no energy, and his stomach gave him such agony he thought he had an ulcer. A doctor told him he didn't, that he had just worn himself down.

There were no decent offers for 1977, so Allison ran as an independent, and it was a wretched year. He was losing weight—eventually he dropped from 195 pounds to 145—and was "just hanging on for dear life. But even when I was sick real bad I could muster up my competitiveness. The one thing I could still do was get in that race car and drive."

That winter he was hired by car owner Bud Moore, who knew Allison was ailing

have that car fixed. These guys loved it when you were leading." And I thought to myself, "Yeah, and Santa Claus will come in here on his sleigh with his reindeer, too."

"I went down to a friend's camper and said, 'I gotta lay down.' I thought, 'Lord, if I could just go to sleep and erase this whole deal.' Right then I felt like I didn't have the strength to lift up a pair of high-top shoes. I laid down there for a couple hours, and late in the afternoon I gathered myself up and went back to the garage, and those guys had straightened the sheet metal out, changed the engine, changed the spindles, had the rear end apart and inspected it, even touched up the paint! I looked at that car and my mouth fell open. I said to myself, 'If these guys can do that for me, by God I'm going to drive that car the best I can.'"

In the end he had to start the Luxury Liner in 33rd position because he hadn't finished the qualifying race. In the ensuing 500 miles he survived two more crashes, the second of which squeezed the T-bird between another car and the wall at 185 mph. The Luxury Liner was battered when it crossed the finish line, but it was 33.2 seconds ahead of Cale Yarborough's second-place car. It was Allison's first Daytona 500 victory after 18 years of trying.

A month later he won the Atlanta 500—but afterward was so weak he couldn't get out of the car. By then he was so skinny that "if I smiled, my pants would fall down. I went on a program then of what I call 'strength conservation.' I ate really picky—only the red



All in the family: Brother Donnie watched Allison win at Daytona, as did his chart-watching wife, Judy, and his father, E.J.

but had faith in him. The union with Moore ended the slump, and the race that broke it, the 1978 Daytona 500, epitomizes Allison's career. It was a victory for persistence and survival.

Driving a Thunderbird he had dubbed the "Luxury Liner," Allison was leading a 125-mile qualifying race on the Thursday before the Sunday of the 500, when Buddy Baker skidded and crashed into him. "It tore that car all to pieces," says Allison. "I came back down to the garage area, my old stomach was a mess over it, and Bud said, 'Don't worry about it, we'll



meat. And then I did nothing until it was time to get in the car. Saved every bit of strength I had to drive. I stopped working in the garage all night. I just said, 'If it ain't done by evening, it ain't gettin' done.'"

Allison won five races that year—finishing second in the Winston Cup standings once again, this time to Yarborough. But he was speeding back toward full strength. Which is where he is now, and proving it. His most satisfying race this year was one he didn't win. It was the World 600 at Charlotte in May, the longest and often the most grueling race on the circuit. It was 92° that day, and the exhaust pipes on his Buick broke about halfway into the race.

"I had some doubts about his endurance before then, but not after that race," says crew chief Nelson. "When those pipes broke, the floorboard of the car got red-hot—at least 1,000 degrees. Exhaust fumes blew right in the car, which is nothing to laugh at, and he sat in that car for over 300 miles like that. He finished third. A lot of guys in cars that were running perfect had to have relief drivers."

"I am the toughest," says Allison matter-of-factly. "I am."

He's also the raciest driver out there. In the week between the Budweiser 400 at Riverside and the Gabriel 400 at Brooklyn, Mich. in June, he hopped around the country racing short tracks. One of them, on a Tuesday night in Slinger, Wis., showed what Allison is all about.

He hadn't seen Slinger Speedway since he was 17, when he spent the summer of 1955 living at Slinger with an aunt and uncle and watched the races from a hillside. What had once been a tiny dirt oval with no barriers was now a solid concrete wall around it.

The June Slinger Nationals consist of two 75-lap races for Late Model Sportsman cars—ominous-looking swoopy beasts, mostly Camaros and Firebirds, with noses like snowplow blades and chopped so low the windshields are mere slits. The exhaust pipes exit through holes in the body just behind the front wheels, black headers that look like cannon barrels. Every time the driver backs off from the throttle, the pipes boom and belch yellow flames that light up the track in the night and cast shadows on the wall. Late Model Sportsman cars are

the roots of Grand National cars, and the Slinger Speedways are the marrow of the Darlings and Daytonas. No Grand National driver anywhere knows his roots like Allison.

Allison's Camaro arrived late from Mississippi, so he missed practice and had to start the first heat from the 11th and last row. The car misfired for much of the race, because a spark plug wire had come loose, while Allison dodged spin after spin. He was 10th at the end.

In the second heat a chain-reaction

last spinning car, was Allison's white Camaro. The only thing he had hit was a bumper that had been ripped off a car. It had cut a tire, which he had to stop to change. Allison had been third out of the smoke; the pit stop dropped him to seventh, where he finished.

"Last night was a tough night," he said the next morning as he climbed into his Superstar. "Those were talented drivers, and they were in their environment and I was out of mine. I expose myself to getting dusted off really bad when I run



Allison and nephew Steve helped Father Grubba celebrate Mass before the Daytona 500.

crash on the front straight on the 51st lap commenced as Allison was coming off Turn 4, his foot to the floor and heading toward the thick of the trouble. By then the track was obscured in white smoke from locked brakes and sliding cars. Somebody's blue fender flew out of the haze as Allison disappeared into it.

The owner of the Camaro was watching from the start-finish line. "I'll tell ya," he said, "it was the best piece of driving I ever seen, Bobby gettin' through all that without bittin' anyone."

Because the spectators couldn't really see what was going on, they turned toward Turn 1 to see who would come out of it. There, still weaving away from the

these races. They're always gunning for me because I won the Daytona 500.

"I got 10th and seventh. But I got no complaints. I really enjoyed last night. I'll tell you something. A lot of people might not believe this, but if I had to retire without ever winning the NASCAR championship, I think I could put up with that without much problem at all. Really, I've thought about it. I don't think anybody else in the Grand National bracket enjoys racing so much that they could say that."

Allison closed the door of his airplane and fired up the engines. There was a short-track race in Hagerstown, Md. that night, and they were expecting him. **END**



No Fly-By-Night Cabbie Is Jack

Jack Gartside ties some of his best flies in broad daylight while waiting for riders in a Boston taxi queue

by **ROBERT H. BOYLE**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE TIEDMANN

Jack Gartside is a tall, lean, 39-year-old Bostonian who looks like Fred Astaire (so people say) and speaks like a Boston Brahmin. He probably fishes more blue-ribbon trout streams than any millionaire alive. He spends the greater part of every summer fly-fishing in Montana, and on occasion he also fishes in England, Norway, Sweden and Japan. In the summer of 1981 he fished in New Zealand for a month. The Boston-Auckland round-trip plane ticket cost Gartside \$1.79, which is about the same as he will

charge you for a ride from the Ritz-Carlton Hotel to the Esplanade in his taxi.

That trip and that "fare" are fairly typical of Gartside's angling expeditions. One Sunday in late May a year ago, he had been lolling by the Charles River reading *The Boston Globe* when he came upon an ad announcing that, in order to publicize its new route from Boston to Denver, Continental Airlines was going to give away round-trip tickets to 225 people to anywhere in the world that the airline flew. They would be selected

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from among those who showed up at Logan International Airport the following morning dressed in costumes depicting the destinations of their choice. There was one major catch, and one minor catch: The minor one was a token charge of a \$1 plus tax; the major one was that those picked had to depart that day.

At 10 a.m. Monday, Gartside made his appearance at the airport decked out in an Aussie campaign hat and a bush jacket made in New Zealand. "I thought that thousands of people would be there," he says, "but there were only about 300. By noon there were 500. Still, I figured I had a 50-50 chance. At 2:30 I was poked, and I only had two hours to get my boarding pass, rush back to my apartment for my rod, my flies and my clothes, and then get back to the airport again. You bet I made it."

Gartside landed in Auckland with all the money he had in the world, \$200, but he calculated that would hold him for a while, given the way he travels. One of the people he first met, Bob Sullivan, a tackle dealer at Lake Taupo on the North Island, lent him a pair of waders, and Gartside then hitchhiked around the island by thumbing with his right hand while using his left to hold the waders and his rod aloft. The ploy worked beyond Gartside's expectations. A motorist who stopped to pick him up was going fishing himself, and he took Gartside along, for a week, and showed him all his secret spots. Later, a husband and wife Gartside met after he caged a cigarette from them in a theater lobby and started telling how he had flown from Boston for only \$1.79, put him up on their farm for a while and even loaned him their car to get around in.

Gartside held out in New Zealand for a month. When he arrived back in Boston, he had exactly \$1.35 in change left in his pockets—"I always just make it under the wire"—and had to drive a cab for three weeks before he and his cat, Tobermory, named after a talking cat in a story by Saki, could drive out to West Yellowstone, Mont. in his battered 1965 Volvo sedan. The Volvo, which Gartside bought for \$300 five years ago, currently has 397,000 miles on it, and it serves as his home away from home. The car is registered in Montana, and the license plates say FLYTYLER, a self-advertisement for Gartside, who makes his living tying flies as well as driving a cab. When short

of cash in the boondocks, Gartside will drive to a spot by a river where fishermen park and sell flies tied to order.

To describe Gartside simply as a hawker of stream-side flies would be like calling Nathan's Famous frankfurters mere hot dogs. Along with John Betts, who uses synthetic materials (SI, May 4, 1981), Gartside, who ties almost exclusively with natural materials, is in the front rank nationally, which means the world. "I'd put him at the top," says Bud Lilly of West Yellowstone, who views flytied with an experienced businessman's eye and whose mail-order catalog has featured Gartside's flies ever since the cabbie ambled into Lilly's shop one day in 1976 with a Pheasant Hopper stuck on his vest. "Jack's flies are superb," Lilly says. "His Pheasant Hopper is a real thing. When I first met Jack, he was kind of a drifter, but he has established direction, and if he continues in that direction, he's going to make an impression on the fly-fishing world. He has a lot of integrity, a lot of principle and a lot of feeling for what the sport is. He's an artist. He has a feeling for natural materials, a feeling for an idea, and he's not greedy. By not greedy, I mean he's not 'commercial' the way some flytiers can be."

Robert Rifchin, editor of *The Roundtable*, a magazine published by United Fly Tyers, Inc., confirms Gartside's credentials. "Oh, absolutely," he says. "Little known, but very talented. In terms of skill and ability, he's on a par with Betts. Jack can tie a conventional pattern with anyone in the United States, but he's an innovator, mostly because he didn't have money. He found ways to use materials that everyone has thrown away for years. He isn't a speedy commercial tier, but I've never seen anyone who has consistently produced better flies. There's no junk at all. He wouldn't let it go out with his name on the box. He'd fish it himself."

Back in Boston, Gartside often whiles away the time spent in taxi queues by tying flies in a vise attached to the

steering wheel. Indeed, he originated his Hacklehead streamers while waiting at Logan. "I was tying some large marabou streamers," he says, "and as the sun was lying low, I needed a way to finish a head neatly under poor lighting conditions and hit upon this method." Recently a man got in the cab, saw what Gartside was doing and bought a dozen streamers.

When not tying flies in the cab, Gartside reads voraciously. His apartment is stuffed with thousands of books, in addition to a half dozen deer hides, a moose hide, pheasant skins, chicken necks and other fly-tying materials. At present, he's rereading Shakespeare's tragedies, and he has named a new fly Hamlet's Cloud. "Act Three, Scene Two," he says. "Hamlet asks, 'Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?' Polonius: 'By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.' Hamlet: 'Methinks it is like a weasel.' Polonius: 'It is backed like a weasel.' Hamlet: 'Or like a whale?' Polonius: 'Very like a whale.' Most fish are like Polonius. They see what they want to see, and this fly can be anything."

Gartside, who leases his cab by the
continued

Gartside and his faithful Volvo share a Boston curb.





On the road in Montana with Jack and Tobememory.

GARTSIDE continued

mile from the Boston Cab Company, usually waits for fares in front of the Ritz, the Sheraton Boston or the new Marriott on the waterfront. His fares have included Laurence Olivier, Rudolph Nureyev, Seiji Ozawa, Joan Kennedy, William Buckley, Annie's dog, Sandy, Sarah Caldwell and Red Sox Pitcher Bruce Hurst. "The actors are usually very short jobs," he says. "They're playing at the Colonial, the Shubert or the Wilbur, and they stay at the Ritz."

On occasion a fare will prove to be an adventure. "A girl got into my cab one evening," says Gartside, "and she told me she wanted to stake out a Japanese restaurant. Her name was Jodie, and she suspected that her boyfriend was having an affair with her roommate, a Japanese girl who was a waitress in the restaurant. I parked across the street from the restaurant, and after a while the boyfriend showed up and met the Japanese girl. They got into his car. 'Follow them,' Jodie said. We must have gone 15 miles trailing them before they finally drew up in front of her house. Jodie said to me, 'Why don't you go to the door of the apartment and pretend you're a Western Union messenger, and I'll hide in an alcove and when they come to the door I'll surprise them.' It was a dull night, so I said, 'O.K., but pay me now.' She did, and I went into the house and knocked at the door. 'Who is it?' asked the Japanese girl. 'Western Union,' I said. The Japanese girl opened the door, and behind her

I could see the boyfriend, both in scanty costumes. 'What is it?' she asked. 'I have a message from Jodie,' I said. 'What is it?' she asked. I said, 'I think you should ask her yourself.' At which point I thought it wise to depart as Jodie came out from the alcove."

If Gartside seems unusually well-spoken and well-read for a cabdriver, even a Boston cabdriver, it should be noted that until seven years ago he was a high school English teacher in Boston. He quit the day some students set fire to a desk and the classroom went up in smoke. "It's safer driving a cab at night in Boston

than it is teaching in a Boston school during the day," he says.

Gartside and his sister, Gladys, are the only Gartsides in the Boston area phone books. The name is English (it literally means by the side of an enclosed garden), and all the Gartsides in his family came from Lancashire. Grandfather Gartside was a machinist on his way to Australia who passed through Boston and never got any farther. Instead, he married a young English girl who was working as a domestic servant in Newton and raised a family. Jack's father, John, was also a machinist, and life was always a struggle. To make ends meet, he worked as a part-time cop, while his wife worked as a secretary and telephone solicitor. She also played the organ in St. Anne's Episcopal Church in Revere, Mass., where her husband served as a lay reader. "My father was a great reader," Gartside says. "He had a wonderful speaking voice, a High Church voice. He always talked about the church and never about his work, although he never missed a day."

When Jack was born, his mother gave him the middle name of Clarence after her uncle, Clarence Wheeler, a general manager of the National Biscuit Company. "She hoped he would remember us in the will," Gartside says. "My mother named my sister after Uncle Clarence's only daughter, Gladys. When Uncle Clarence died, he didn't remember us at all but left everything to his daughter."

As a boy Gartside read every book he could get his hands on. "I read *King Sol-*

omon's *Mines*. She, all of Rider Haggard. Arthur Conan Doyle, all the Holmes stories. I reread them every other year. Ghost stories—M.R. James, Algernon Blackwood, John Collier, Roald Dahl. I've always been very strong on story and plot. That's why I read and why I fish and why I live and why I play poker and why I drive a cab—for the surprise ending. Think of that passage in the Bible, 'O Lord, let me know the number of my days.' Wouldn't it be awful to know that? My father always told me stories, too, and he encouraged me to travel. He was always poring over maps, and we would make imaginary trips together. But he never did make any trips. He couldn't even drive a car. Failed every driver's test he ever took."

The younger Gartside also had a vivid imagination; he would see himself as a character in whatever book he happened to be reading. "I went to a neighborhood reunion in Revere the other day and saw kids I used to hang around with when I was 10 or 11," Gartside says. "One fellow remembered me as a boy Tarzan. The mayor remembered that I went around with a lasso for two or three years roping everyone I saw, including him. Almost broke his neck. When I was in the seventh grade I held the school record for truancy and tardiness, and I guess I haven't stopped yet. I'm still late for everything."

"The first time I was ever arrested was when I was 12, but I impressed the police with my reading knowledge. I had gone to Filene's basement with a friend whose mother had given him money for a pair of shoes. My friend lost the money, and he didn't dare go home. 'I'll pinch a pair for you,' I said. I did, and I was caught. The police took me in a paddy wagon to the station, where I was locked up behind a grill near the sergeant's desk. The cop and the sergeant, both Irish, were talking about politics, and the sergeant asked, 'Who wrote that book, *The Last Harrah*?' The cop didn't know, but I called out, 'Edwin O'Connor,' and the sergeant said, 'Can't be such a bad kid if he knows that.' The second time I was arrested was in Norway for trespassing on a salmon river, a river that costs a fortune to fish. I didn't think anyone would see me. I pleaded ignorance. I said I was hiking when I came across this river, and I just happened to have my rod with me. Since I had my town license and a Norwegian

continued

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girl friend testified in my behalf, they let me off."

It wasn't so easy with the pinched shoes from Filene's basement. "I had to go to juvenile court," Gartside recalls. "I was given a suspended sentence and told to stay out of trouble for six months."

Gartside's father, who was mightily upset by the incident, sought to channel Jack's energies into fishing. The senior Gartside didn't fish himself, but there was a long breakwater at Revere that was exposed at low tide, and Gartside would go there to fish for pollack, mackerel and striped bass. "I was often stranded out there when the tide rose, and the Coast Guard had to rescue me several times," he says. "Once I got my picture in the paper, I was a Red Sox fan, still am, and at the Sportsman's Show I saw my idol, Ted Williams, tying flies. I don't think I'd thought much about trout then, but I said to myself, 'Boy, if Ted Williams is doing this, it must be good.' I went home, took two of my grandfather's micrometers and used one to clamp the other one down while I used it as a vise. My grandfather

wasn't pleased at all when he found out. The calibrations were off ever after. I tied flies with fur from the cat and pigeon feathers. I started fishing for trout, and with the first streamer I tied I caught a trout in Fish Brook, a tributary of the Ipswich River. I had a fishing friend, Henry Lightbody, a misnomer if there ever was one because he was one of the fattest kids I've ever known. We'd sit behind one another in class, desks half-open, reading Ray Bergman and Joe Brooks in *Outdoor Life*. Bergman wrote about trout fishing in the East, Brooks about Montana, and that's why I later went out there."

When Gartside was 18, he enlisted in the Air Force. "I joined to see the world," he says. "Where did I first end up? Cape Cod. Later on, I did get to Okinawa and Japan. Fly fishing appeals to the Japanese. It's very graceful and contemplative."

Gartside got out of the Air Force in 1966, went home and found that his father was dying. "All he did was raise a family, work hard, have all these dreams about traveling and never went anywhere," Gartside says. "And then one day when he was 53 he found himself flat on his back with cancer. He spent almost a year in dying, and a few weeks before he died he told me never to end up like that, full of regret for all the things he never did. I

do what I do, I am what I am, I take from my father's death."

Gartside worked his way through the University of Massachusetts in Boston, where he majored in English and minored in German. He graduated in 1969, went to work as a teacher and spent the summers fishing. In 1975, he quit teaching to drive a cab.

To support himself on his jaunts abroad, Gartside has served as an extra in a Norwegian movie about Vikings (he played a peasant), has worked as a waiter in Sweden and Japan, has unloaded Argentine beef on the docks of Lübeck in West Germany and has swept African tobacco off the floors of an Amsterdam cigarette factory. Everything he swept, including dust and dead snakes found in the bales, accompanied the tobacco on the conveyor belt, and he soon was promoted to blender. In that capacity he added chocolate, mint and other flavoring to cigarettes for the European market that were supposed to have an American taste. "I worked in a stainless steel vat filled with mint from China," he says. "Ever been in a mint vat? A great smell."

In this country, Gartside takes odd jobs whenever his car breaks down as he drives back and forth between Boston and the trout streams of Montana. Once after he ran into a moose with a Ford van, he spent a week in Minneapolis putting screws in caskets and another week degreasing skimoobile runners in order to pay for the repairs. When really pressed for money, he'll skip eating. "I can imagine eating a meal, and then I won't eat because my imagination has fed me," he explains. "That's why I'm so skinny—6' 2" and 153 pounds."

Gartside owns only two rods. One is nine feet long and made of graphite, the other, a seven-footer, of fiber glass. "I'm not a good fisherman because I don't know equipment," he says. "I just know how to catch fish. After a while you get to know where the fish are." Indeed, one fish he's very proud of is a four-pound brown trout he caught in England. That's a nice fish, but it hardly seems worth a brag, except for the fact that Gartside caught it in London in the moat of the Old Palace near Parliament. "There are some nice trout there," he says. "People feed them bread and popcorn, but if you get down there early enough you can get in a cast." His best fish was a 13½-pound brown trout that he took in the Gallatin

continued



Tobemorey battles boredom and Gartside ties a Pheasant Hopper (inset) at their Yellowstone camp.



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River in Montana in 1979 on his first cast of the year out West. "Kind of spotted the whole season for me," he says. "It was on August 1, a hot day when even mad dogs and Englishmen were hiding under bushes. A friend took pictures of it, and then I released it. I took that fish on a fly that's listed in Bud Lilly's catalog as the Filo Fly. It's also sold as the Gartside Pheasant Nymph, but it's most commonly called the Sparrow, at least in the East, after being so named by Pete Laszlo in *The Roundtable*. The Sparrow is by far my most successful subsurface, all-purpose fly. I use it in different sizes, colors and hackle lengths for most of my nymph fishing. I also fish it as a streamer."

Filo feathers, or aftershoots, are the small, fluffy feathers found down toward the rump of a pheasant. Gartside started using them one day because he had little else to tie from a bird he had otherwise plucked bare. Along with the Sparrow, Gartside ties a number of ultralight flies, such as the Wet Mouse, which looks like a pussy willow bud. "I first tied up this pattern on a large, pointless hook as a plaything for Tobermory," he says. "It amused him for about two minutes." Trout apparently take it for a dragonfly nymph.

Another well known Gartside is the dry Pheasant Hopper that Bud Lilly spotted on Gartside's vest that day in 1976. He forms the wing by coating a pheasant feather with polyurethane spar varnish and stroking it into a V-shape that forms naturally. He then cups the wing over a body made of poly-farn and an underwing made of deer hair. He has found that the most effective body colors are tan, gray, green and yellow, while an orangish body makes an excellent adult stonefly imitation. "The Pheasant Hopper is very durable and quite popular in the West," he says, "and it's been written up in a few books and magazines. Unfortunately, everyone who has written about it has, for some reason, gotten the pattern wrong. I don't use the 'church window' feathers on a pheasant for the wings but the feathers just below them on the back."

There is one inelegant, if spectacularly effective, fly that Gartside ties. It imitates a cigarette filter tip. He tied it one day after discovering that a number of trout in the Firehole River in Yellowstone had filter tips in their stomachs. Gartside has since learned that the trout probably

strike at a filter-tip fly because it looks like a freshly molted nymph of an aquatic insect, especially one of the percid stoneflies.

Besides selling to Lilly or to anglers who happen to jump into his cab, Gartside sells flies by mail. His flies cost from \$1.35 to \$2 each, and he maintains a year-round post office box in West Yellowstone (Box 853, zip code 59758) to receive orders; the postal service obligingly forwards the mail to Boston when he's in residence there.

"I think my flies are pretty good," Gartside says. "I have my strengths and my weaknesses. I work with what I have, and I've been very limited in money for materials. To me, fly tying really has very little to do with fishing. If all the rivers in the world dried up tomorrow, I'd still tie flies. I like looking at photographs of flies. I take pictures of them, and I have prints made from the slides. Maybe it's growing up with TV, but things look more real to me in a photograph."

Despite his love of fly tying, Gartside refuses to tie full time. "It's lonely work," he says, "and doing it full time would become monotonous. I can't stand focusing on a small space for long periods of time.

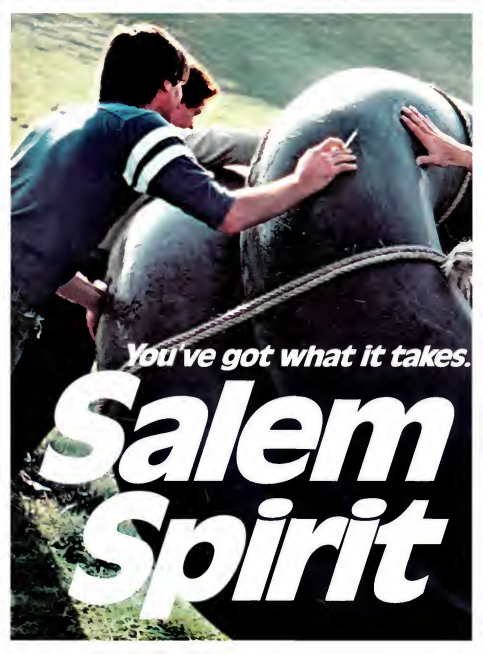
I like to get out and see things and meet people. That's why I like driving a cab. Also, driving a cab is unpredictable. I like surprise endings."

Recently Gartside has been driving the cab more and tying flies less, in an effort to pay vet bills for his cat, Tobermory, who came down with a mysterious ailment. Though the cat recovered, the bills were so high that Gartside had to sell his piano for \$600.

This summer, Gartside spent two free weeks in England (he was the guest of his sister, Gladys, who was left an inheritance by Uncle Clarence's spinster daughter, Gladys, when she died in 1980), and after returning he hacked for a month to raise cash for his annual trek to Montana. Alas, just as he and Tobermory were set to take off in the Volvo, the car blew its water pump and alternator. Gartside then took a bus to Montana, while the cat, which was refused passage on the bus, went in a crate by plane. They met in Bozeman and from there they hitched to West Yellowstone. Says Gartside, speaking for himself and Tobermory, "We'll be in Montana until the snows move in or the Red Sox win the pennant—whichever comes first." **END**

Gartside hooks a Yellowstone River cutthroat, as seen in a fish's view of the action.





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At first glance there's nothing unusual about Bill Buckner's batting routine. Buckner, 32, a lefthanded-hitting first baseman for the Cubs, smooths the dirt on the right side of the plate and digs a hole deep in the batter's box to plant his left foot. He points his right foot toward first while surveying the pitcher and then assumes a conventional stance perpendicular to the rubber. After lightly tapping the plate with his bat, he's ready to swing.

Ah, but that slight, seemingly insignificant tap has made Buckner the scourge of the National League, by triggering in his mind a posthypnotic suggestion. In early August a hypnotist taught Buckner to visualize himself being selective and attacking only those pitches he wants to hit. Feeling nothing but positive vibes, he would see himself making nothing but

perfect swings and hitting line drives.

Ever since, Buckner has been in a zone of his own. As the National League's Player of the Month in August, he batted .405, with six homers, 35 runs batted in and seven game-winning RBIs. At week's end he was among the league leaders in batting (.307), runs batted in (91), hits (170), game-winning RBIs (13) and doubles (30) and was headed for the best season of his distinguished 12-year major league career.

As late as Aug. 2 Buckner would have preferred to forget 1982. That day he visited a baseball camp in Duran, Ill., run by Cub scout and former major-leaguer Eric Soderholm. At the time, Buckner was batting .278—fine for most players, but subpar for a .296 career hitter—and he complained to Soderholm that the season was dragging. Soderholm suggested that

by Jim Kaplin

while trying to play on a badly sprained ankle that eventually required surgery. He underwent surgery again, in October of 1976, for removal of bone chips from the same ankle, and the Dodgers thought so little of his prospects for a good recovery that they traded him to the Cubs along with Ivan DeJesus for Rick Monday and Mike Garman. Indeed, Buckner's ankle has never fully come back, to this day when he walks he feels it snap, crackle and pop like a bowlful of Rice Krispies.

Yet Buckner hasn't had a bad season in Chicago. "Before every game we run through the same 45-minute routine: ice, whirlpool, ultrasound, massage, tape," says Cub Trainer Tony Garofalo. "He could hardly walk when he came here. He worked to get a range of motion, and now he's got it." Buckner's range, however, still is not normal.

Buckner has been compared to Carew and Pete Rose because he hits to all fields and meticulously studies opposing pitchers. But in one respect his style is unique. Most batters take a stride of 10 to 12 inches; Buckner hardly shifts his feet. "The more you stride, the more your body moves and your head moves and your hips lock," he says. "You slow everything down that way. The less movement you have with your legs, the quicker you are and the longer you can wait before committing."

"He can wait so long because he's sure he won't strike out," says Chicago hitting instructor Billy Williams, the former Cub slugger who had a .290 career average, hit 426 homers and bombed in Hall of Fame voting last year. "An average hitter might strike out more than 60 times a year. Bill will do it 20 times and put the ball in play the other 40."

"Bill and Pete Rose are the two best control hitters I've seen," says Cub Outfielder Keith Moreland. "If Bill is fooled by an outside pitch, he'll still drive it to left."

When Buckner was growing up in Napa, Calif., 20 miles outside of Oakland, he established himself as the most competitive kid in town. He was so advanced as a 7-year-old that his mother,

He's off in a zone of his own

A hypnotist helped Cub Bill Buckner get back into the swing of things



Buckner see hypnotist Harvey Misel, who has treated many athletes, including Rod Carew, and was also at the camp.

Buckner spent about 90 minutes with Misel that afternoon. "I asked him to visualize how good he felt when everything was going right," says Misel. "Bill realized afterward that he'd been making some mechanical mistakes, particularly opening his right shoulder too soon." Misel asserts—and Buckner agrees—that as a result of their session Buckner became more confident, relaxed and selective at the plate.

It's possible, though, to make too much of the effect hypnosis has had on Buckner. "A hypnotist can't turn a mediocre hitter into a superstar," says Soderholm. "He can help about 10%, which is what has happened in Bill's case."

Buckner, the National League batting champion in 1980, has long been one of the game's toughest outs. While playing for the Dodgers from 1971 to 1976, he had to take numerous pitches as the No. 2 hitter behind base stealer Davey Lopes. Nonetheless, Buckner had only one bad season, 1975, when he hit .243

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Marie, falsified his birth certificate to get him into Little League a year early. "Pretty soon he was telling everyone what to do," says Buckner's older brother, Bob, who helps him manage a cattle ranch near Boise, Idaho. "Nobody could play the sun field, so he told the coach to put him out there. Here was this little kid with freckles showing everyone how to do it."

"I was very goal-oriented," says Buckner. "I was going to go to school and college, play sports and go on to professional baseball." Devoting his time almost strictly to studies and sports, Buckner was an A-minus student at Napa High School and became a member of the Northern California Football Hall of Fame for his record-setting play at wide receiver. The Dodgers signed him out of high school in 1968 and he took just three years to make the big club—all the while attending USC and Arizona State in the off-season. However, he never graduated.

"I didn't spend a lot of time doing nothing," he says. Nor did he spend a lot of time saying nothing. "If he speaks, you'd better listen," says Bob Buckner. Sometimes, however, Bill wishes he had thought a little before opening his yap.

Item: As a rookie Buckner homered off Don Wilson, the late Houston fast-baller, and proclaimed, "If they're all like this guy, I'll be all right." In their next meeting Wilson decked him with a low, hard one.

Item: Buckner derided the Oakland team before the 1974 World Series. The A's beat the Dodgers in five games.

Buckner's words were also frequently in the news earlier this year. First, he asked to renegotiate his contract, a practice new General Manager Dallas Green abhors. However, when Green acquired Shortstop Larry Bowa from the Phillies and discovered that Bowa had a higher salary than Buckner, Green relented and signed Buckner to a five-year, \$3 million deal. In the aftermath, though, Buckner pressed at the plate and had two well-publicized flistings—with Gary Carter of the Expos and Cub Manager Lee Elia. Elia and Green now say that all is forgiven and call Buckner the quintessential team player.

"I'm a competitive person," says Buckner. "I'm competitive when I play my wife Jody in gin or cribbage and I don't give her points in tennis or racquetball either. I'm not saying it's a good way

to be, but it helps me as a professional athlete. On the field, I'm hyper, aggressive and intense, but basically I'm a conservative guy. I've only had a few fights and been kicked out of three or four games, so it's a little embarrassing when those things happen."

The day after the season ends Buckner will disappear for a month to backpack, hunt and fish. Then he'll pass a quiet if busy winter in Idaho working the ranch, co-managing a video games business and spending time with Jody and their 10-month-old daughter, Brittany.

A little Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde here? Not a chance, says Buckner's relatives. "He's a stubborn German like the rest of us," says mother Marie. "We have a bowling match every Christmas," says brother Bob. "Loser pays for bowling and drinks. Bill doesn't like to lose at all."

THE WEEK

(AUG. 20-SEP. 5)
by HERM WEISKOPF

NL WEST A couple of "waiters"—Tommy Boggs and Bob Watson—served up wins that helped the Braves (4-3) establish a 1½-game lead. Boggs, who had waited since April 20 for a start in the majors, having been dispatched to the minors because of arm trouble, went six strong innings against Philadelphia. After Boggs had held the Phillies to only three singles, Gene Garber went the final three innings to wrap up a 3-0 victory. Garber got his 27th save the next day by pitching the last two innings in relief of Rick Camp during a 4-0 shutout of the Phils. Steve Bodrosian also excelled in relief as he hurled 7½ scoreless innings while saving a 4-3 triumph in Montreal and winning 11-9 in Philly. It was in the latter contest that Watson, who had taken batting practice at 4:45 p.m., ended almost eight hours of waiting before batting again. When Watson finally took a cut, it was in the 12th inning of the nightcap of a doubleheader and 12:35 a.m. Although he might have been more ready for a snooze than a swing, Watson slugged a three-run pinch homer to provide Atlanta with its margin of victory.

Like Boggs and Watson, Burt Hooton of Los Angeles (2-4) endured a long wait. Hooton, who had arthroscopic surgery on his right knee on June 21, won for the first time in more than four months when he defeated St. Louis 2-1 with relief help from Steve Howe. Home attendance passed three million on Sunday, putting the Dodgers on target to sur-

pass their own major league record of 3,347,845, set in 1978.

For the first time since June 1976, the Padres (4-2) had three consecutive complete-game victories. Juan Eichelberger began the string by beating Pittsburgh 4-1. The next two triumphs were against Chicago. Eric Show winning 3-0 with a five-hitter and Tim Lollar adding a 4-1 three-liner. San Diego pitchers were so effective they held opponents to .202 hitting for the week. Dave Dravecky gave up only one run and five hits in 11 innings, but wasn't around when Joe Lefebvre wallowed a home run in the 13th to beat Pittsburgh 2-1.

An even more dramatic home run was the one by Jack Clark of the Giants (4-1), who slammed his with two on and two out in the bottom of the ninth to stun the Cardinals 5-4. That was the second night in a row that San Francisco hung a loss on Reliever Bruce Sutter. The evening before, the Giants had won 3-2 in the 10th inning when Clu Davis tripped and Darrell Evans brought him home by hitting a sacrifice fly.

Noan Ryan of Houston (2-4), whose fast-ball was clocked at as high as 94 mph, came within five outs of his sixth no-hitter. After New York's Ron Hodges singled in the bottom of the eighth, Ryan went on to finish a two-hit, 4-0 victory.

"He's a godsend," said Frank Pastore of the Reds (2-4) about rookie Brad Lesley. It was Lesley who pitched the last inning of Pastore's 1-0 shutout of the Mets. That stretched Lesley's string of innings without giving up an earned run to 19 and lowered his ERA to a dazzling 0.74.

ATL 76-60 LA 75-62 SD 71-66
SF 69-67 HOU 63-73 CIN 52-84

NL EAST Zip. Whoosh. Swish. Zing. Whiz. That was Lonnie Smith of St. Louis (2-4) on his way to tying a league record by stealing five bases in one game, a 5-4 loss to San Francisco. Smith batted .435 for the week and had six steals, giving him 62. But the burst of speed that meant the most came when Smith chased down a ball hit by Dave (brother of Steve) Sax of the Dodgers. Smith's catch with two on in the 13th sealed a 6-5 Cardinal victory. The save went to Jim Kaat, 43, who had earlier won a battle of Metabolicals by retiring pinch-swinger Munay Metz, 44, an L.A. coach who was activated when rosters expanded to 40 players on Sept. 1. One of the key hits for St. Louis that night came when newcomer Kelly Parris singled off Ricky Wright, who's from Paris, Texas.

With Mike Schmidt slugging three homers and with Dick Ruthven and Steve Carlton pitching superbly, Philadelphia (4-3) hung tough. Ruthven cooled off Atlanta 6-1 on a three-hitter. And Carlton fanned 12 Astros, gave up only two hits and won 2-1 when

continued

Schmidt homered in the last of the ninth. On Sunday, Schmidt, who batted .407 for the week, hit his 30th later in the Phillies beat the Astros 4-3 and pulled to within half a game of the division-leading Cardinals.

Montreal and Pittsburgh continued their protracted scuffle for third place. The Expos (4-2) were aided by Jeff Beardon's three saves. Steve Rogers (16-7) defeated the Reds 3-1 and the Braves 2-1. Randy Lerch, only the second Montreal reliever to start a game since last October, throttled Cincy 2-1. Half an hour's notice was all that newcomer Lee Tunnell of the Pirates (3-3) had before starting in place of John Candelaria, who had an inflamed shoulder. Tunnell, a 21-year-old righthander who went to Baylor, went seven innings against L.A., yielded four hits and wound up a 1-0 winner after Rod Scurry and Kent Tekulve got the final six outs.

Lee Smith of Chicago (2-3) gained his ninth save in six weeks in a 7-6 triumph over San Francisco. During his streak, Smith pitched 17½ innings and had an earned run average of 1.02.

There was joy in Mudville: The Mets (3-3) ended a 15-game losing streak when Pete Falcone beat the Astros 5-1. But there was also another painful loss—1-0 to Cincinnati when rookie Rick Dornbey balked home the game's only run in the fourth inning.

STL 76-59 PHIL 76-60 MONT 73-61
MIL 72-64 CHC 60-77 NY 53-81

AL WEST Tommy John was obtained last week by California from the Yankees for three players to be named later. As the Angels rode to Milwaukee County Stadium for a game, one of John's new teammates called out, "There's your movie" in the team bus passed a movie theater where *Escape From New York* was playing. Although John defeated the Brewers 5-2, California couldn't escape second place. Geoff Zahn (15-6) won an 11-0 laughter over Detroit in Brian Downing drove in five runs and walked two homers. Downing equaled an American League record that day by leading off the game with a home run for the sixth time this season.

Kansas City (2-4) remained first even though Hal McRae, who leads the majors with 115 RBIs, drove in only one run. Anos Ott was fined an undisclosed amount and suspended for five days for throwing his bat three times while being struck out in the sixth inning by Mike Smithson of Texas. In the third inning, Smithson had hit Frank White on the left elbow with a pitch and had cooked Ott on the back of his helmet. Smithson went on to win 7-3. Charlie Hough of the Rangers (3-4) gave the Royals an even rougher time, prevailing 6-0 on a three-hitter.

It was a day of vindication when Gaylord Perry of Seattle (2-4) beat Boston, and Bill Caudill went the final two innings to preserve

BALL PARK FIGURES

According to an SI poll of big league players, these words and phrases are the newest additions to the game's lexicon:

When a struggling hitter pulls his average above .200, he has "crossed the Mendoza Line," so named for former major-leaguer Mario Mendoza, whose career average (1974-81) was 21.6.

A "yakker" or an "Uncle Charlie" or the "yellow hammer" all describe a fast curve, "good cheese" is a blurring fastball.

A ball that "has metal" has been misplayed by the fielder.

When a pitcher is "bridged" he has allowed a home run.

"If you're waving at me, howdy," is said to a player who strikes out swinging.

the 4-3 victory. During Perry's previous outing against the Red Sox he had been ejected for supposedly doctoring the ball. Caudill ended the game with a strikeout of Red Nichols, who two weeks earlier had let game-deciding homers off him on successive nights.

"If we're dead, how come we're still living?" asked Rich Dotson of the White Sox (6-1), who had been prematurely interred by skeptics. Dotson helped resuscitate his team by running his string of victories to seven with a 4-1 defeat of Cleveland and a 4-0 triumph over Texas. Also alive and well were Jerry Koosman, whose four-hitter took care of the Indians 6-0; Jim Kern, whose 5½ hitless innings got him two saves and a win; and Greg Luzinski, who batted .583, homered three times and drove in 10 runs.

The A's and Twins, however, were in poor health. A 4-3 triumph over Detroit by Jim Norms kept Oakland (1-5) breathing, if barely. While others stocked their rosters with youngsters from the bushes, the A's eschewed doing so because all six of their farm clubs were involved in playoffs. Going into last week, Minnesota (1-5) had been 31-28 since June 23. But last week the Twins went five straight games without a homer, their longest such drought of the season, and lost four of those games.

KC 78-56 CAL 76-60 CHC 72-63 SEA 63-72
OAK 59-78 TEX 53-82 MINN 48-87

AL EAST Weaverbirds often build so many nests in a single tree that they cause it to topple. Earl Weaver's Birds (6-0) kept adding wins, and although the Orioles were unable to topple the first-place Brewers, they moved up to a second-place nest. Jim Palmer, who hadn't pitched a shutout in four years, hurled two in a row as he increased his total career victories to 261. Dennis Martinez beat Toronto 5-2 for his 14th triumph, and Mike Flanagan defeated

Minnesota with the aid of his rediscovered changeup. That game was enlivened by a belly dancer in the Memorial Stadium stands. "I knew the crowd wasn't cheering for me," Flanagan said. Storm Davis drew some cheers of his own by winning once as a starter and once as a reliever.

Dwight Evans of Boston (5-1) wrapped up a prodigious month of slugging with three homers during August's final two games. That gave Evans 11 dingers and 27 RBIs in 30 August games. Red Sox starters were pounded, except for Chuck Ramey, who shut out Oakland 4-0, and Dennis Eckenley, who reinjured his biceps and had to leave after throwing only four pitches during Boston's 4-3 loss to Seattle.

There was bad news in Milwaukee (5-3), too: Rolfie Fingers suffered a slight muscle tear in his right forearm and was expected to be out for a week. Don Sutton, acquired from the Astros for three minor-leaguers, was a 4-2 loser in his first starting assignment for the Brewers. Sutton was two outs from a 2-1 win when Von Hayes hit a three-run homer that snapped an eight-game losing streak for Cleveland (3-5).

Toronto (1-5), which lost three one-run games, dropped six of eight outings since catalyst Damaso Garcia was shelved with an injured left wrist. Two home runs by Lance Parrish and six innings of one-hit relief by Aurelio Lopez carried Oakland (4-2) past California 6-3. Jack Morris picked up his 15th victory on Sunday when his two-hitter did in Oakland 8-1. The Yankees (4-2) remained in a virtual tie for fourth with the Tigers. Shane Rawley and Ron Gaudy both won twice, and Graig Nettles and Dave Winfield slugged game-deciding homers in the ninth. Lou Pini-

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

JIM PALMER: The Oriole righthander beat the Twins 3-0 on one hit and the Blue Jays 1-0 on four hits as he ran his winning streak to 11 games, cut his ERA to 3.24 and upped his record to 13-3.

elle had seven hits in a row and batted .563. The Bombers unloaded en masse during Sunday's 18-7 clobbering of Kansas City, with Roy Smalley connecting for a pair of three-run homers and Winfield adding two more over-the-fence drives as he drove across four runs. A case of mistaken identity by Right-fielder Ken Griffey led to an inside-the-park home run for Willie Wilson of the Royals. After retrieving Wilson's drive down the line, Griffey threw the ball to a figure he thought was cutoff man Willie Randolph. Alas, it was umpire Terry Cooney, and there was no way he was going to gun down Wilson.

MIL 81-55 BAL 76-56 BOS 76-59 DET 69-85
NY 69-85 CLE 64-62 TOR 62-75



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The NBA centers and power forwards standing single file along the baseline in the gym at Loyola Marymount University in Los Angeles last month had at least two things in common: Every one was talented, yet few were sufficiently skilled to excel in the pros. Which is why all eyes and ears were intent upon the top of the key and the soft-spoken, silver-haired man who some experts think has the greenest thumb in basketball.

This taller of men was Pete Newell, 67, a consultant to the Golden State Warriors and one of the finest basketball minds extant. The goings-on at Loyola Marymount were an outgrowth of one-on-one skull sessions Newell had held seven years ago with an awkward neophyte forward named Kermit Washington. Now Newell's "camp" is the place to be for instruction on balance, timing, footwork and other nuances of the frontcourt game.

The 16 players who attended this year's two-week camp comprised Newell's largest class ever. Bill Walton stopped by, but it was mainly young bucks (and Kings and Trail Blazers) who came to Newell for help. The session attracted players from eight NBA teams—for example, Rickey Brown of the Warriors—as well as New Jersey Player Personnel Director Al Menendez, coaches Al Attles of Golden State and Stan Albeck of San Antonio and Portland Assistant Coach Jim Lynam.

"There are a lot of paintings but only one Mona Lisa," Menendez says. "With other coaches something gets lost before it gets to the canvas."

"Pro coaches just don't have enough time to do the things that Pete does," Albeck says. "This fall we'll start training camp on October first, and our first exhibition will be about a week later, with the first regular season game on the 29th. If we spent two and a half hours the first day working on footwork, there wouldn't be time to get to everything else."

After 21 years of college coaching, including a national championship at Cal in 1959 and guiding the U.S. Olympic



Summer school for the NBA

Pete Newell's pointers help even standouts like Kiki Vandeweghe

team to the gold medal in 1960, Newell has no illusions about how much one man can teach players with bad or no habits. "Players today are overcoached and undertaught," Newell says. "Many NBA coaches have come into coaching straight from playing, and they're not into teaching. The old NBA wasn't exactly a coaching-teaching league, either."

What Newell does isn't very innovative, just repetitive. Old habits are uprooted, new ones are planted. "Everything is based on movement, and that comes from the feet," Newell says. "If you played 48 minutes you would handle the ball for only about four minutes total but you're on your feet the entire time."

According to Newell, a player has a dominant foot, just as he has a dominant hand. Therefore, each drill is done on

by Anthony Cotton

both sides of the court, switching pivot and take-off feet. Sounds simple, but it's not. For many players, the camp represents the first time they've been asked to adopt an intellectual approach to the game: why this move will elicit that reaction. And some things that Newell teaches, like the reverse spin, may be commonplace to guards; however, they're new to big men.

Just ask Denver's Kiki Vandeweghe, who's been attending Newell's camps since 1976, before his first season at UCLA, which made him, with the recent retirement of Washington, the senior student of this year's class. Though Vandeweghe became an All-America at UCLA, he was supposedly too slow to make it in the pros. But last year, in his first full NBA season, he averaged 21.5 points a game.

"Kiki's like a junkball pitcher in a world of Nolan Ryans," Menendez says. "He knows how to get from there to there on offense, and it's because of Newell. Now if you taught those things to someone with superior physical abilities, he'd be on another level."

Vandeweghe is used by Newell as a model. In fact, many moves Newell teaches are based on Vandeweghe's shoulder-dipping, step-back jump shot. Although it looks like vintage Archie Clark Shake 'n Bake, during the camp Newell burked. "Give us a Kiki move left," "He's still calling it that?" another player asked. "I'm so embarrassed," Vandeweghe said with a grimace.

"Larry Bird and Magic Johnson were also a couple of players who were thought to be perhaps too slow," Newell says. "It makes me wonder how important speed really is. Kiki surprised some people but not me. After he'd gone against people like Kermit and Kenny Carr here for five years, I knew there'd be no one he had to fear in the NBA."

"When I first came here," Vandeweghe said, "I'd try things that sounded simple and I'd get confused, but now ev-

continued



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- Q. Aren't all soft contacts the same?**
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- Q. Can my budget afford soft contacts?**
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ery game I do something that we went through here."

Kansas City's Steve Johnson is perhaps the next best practitioner of Vandeweghe's move. "You've got to use that move next year; I don't know why you didn't last season," Newell said during one workout. "I wanted to, but Cotton wouldn't let me." Johnson replied, Cotton is Kings Coach Cotton Fitzsimmons, which brings up an interesting point. Do coaches on other teams mind Newell's putting perhaps subversive ideas into their players' heads?

"I think the coaches all realize that their guys will only get better by being here," Attles said.

The players pay no fee and Newell gets no stipend. So why does he do this? "Why does a painter paint? It's like that court is his canvas and each part of a player's development is another stroke on it," says Newell's son Tom. "He was born to teach. It's his first love. I think even my mother would agree to that."

It's hard to imagine Newell not directly involved in basketball, which he gave up on a full-time basis when he retired as general manager of the Lakers after the 1975-76 season. "I felt it was time to get out," he says. "There was an awful lot of gardening to do."

For a year Newell puttered in his garden and the TV booth as a commentator on Pac-10 basketball games. That summer he got a call from Washington, who almost begged for help.

"I was with the Lakers then," Washington says. "Bill Sharman was the coach, but his wife and father had died, and the team was going poorly, so he didn't have a lot of free time. I was tired of sitting on the bench and wondering if I was ever going to make it, so I called Pete."

"At first I think he thought I was brownnosing or trying to be a goody two shoes so he'd try to kill me in the drills."

Soon the number of campers increased to four with the addition of Vandeweghe. Carr and then Laker Gail Goodrich, one of the few guards ever to attend Newell's sessions. "I thought I was going to die out there," Washington says. "We'd run drill after drill. People would leave the court, throw up and come back on the court for more. Pete was there out of the goodness of his heart, so you weren't going to tell him you were tired. Instead, you'd just go home and die."

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The Brits practice on Victory, flagship of the de Savary (below) fleet.



There's an old piece of waterfront wisdom that says, "Men and boats rot in port." It applied in the days when men were men, boats were wood and Newport, R.I. was full of seedy bars and shady women. Now the boats in Newport—the newest America's Cup boats, that is—are aluminum, the men who sail them have a 10

The America's Cup armada

A year before the races, Newport is chockablock with crews and boats

o'clock curfew and Newport itself is virtually rotproof. The old town's wharves are landscaped, its warehouses condominiumized and its bars bear names like The Candy Store and The Club at One Pelham East. The action on summer evenings takes place, more often than not, in the living rooms of the big summer houses on the hill above the harbor. There the America's Cup crews, in residence to prepare themselves and their boats for races that are still a year away, drape their tired bodies over chintz slip-

covers and watch videotapes of the day's sailing. Technology, which has already produced Kevlar sails and aluminum hulls, and which, like nature, abhors a vacuum, has now moved in on that damnable human factor in the sailboat racing equation: the crew. Not only are the crews' daily performances being videotaped, but their conditioning is being systematized as well. Physical training instructors are already in residence at some of the syndicate houses in Newport, and by next spring, when

by Sarah Pileggi

and tested for their cardiovascular readiness by a medic permanently attached to the syndicate.

Not surprisingly, the hardest-driving bunch in Newport is Dennis Conner's *Freedom* syndicate. In 1990 Conner skipped *Freedom* in defense of the Cup against the challenger, *Australia*. It was the 25th victory for the U.S. in 25 tries dating back to 1851 when the whole thing began. For the 1983 America's Cup, Conner, who permanently altered Newport's definition of "practice" with his 18-month campaign for the 1980 defense, is working harder than ever. His crew was the first to arrive, in April, and the first in the water, in June. By early September Conner & Co., working with *Freedom* and two new Twelves, *Magic* and *Spirit of America*, had logged 500 hours of sailing. The tone of urgency originates at the top of the *Freedom* organization and filters down. "Time," says Conner, "is your biggest enemy. There's never enough time. Once an hour's gone you can't get it back."

A few hundred feet down Thames Street from the *Freedom* dock is the Newport Offshore boatyard, home of Conner's rival for the role of defender spot, the *Defender/Courageous* group. Unlike the *Freedom* strategy, which is to choose the best of three boats for the trials, *Defender*, a new 12-meter designed by David Pedrick, and *Courageous*, the Sparkman & Stephens Twelve that successfully defended in 1974 and 1977, will both enter the trials. Tom Blackaller, Conner's longtime rival in the Star class, is at the helm of *Defender*, while Dave Victor of New York, who owns *Courageous*, is sailing his own boat.

"We have a cooperative effort," says Max O'Meara, the *Defender/Courageous* operations manager, who was involved in both earlier *Courageous* campaigns. "We work out together, we live together, and we mix and match our personnel and so forth. Sometime next spring we'll choose sides and we'll go out and try to hammer the daylight out of one another. Until that time comes, there's no specific identity." Stepping onto the seafoam-green deck of *Cour-*

continued

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grooms one recent day, O'Meara said fondly. "It's still a dynamite boat and it could very easily pull it off."

Blackaller, like Conner, is a Californian and twice winner of the world Star championship, but unlike Conner he claims to be a seat-of-the-pants sailor. In July, a few weeks after the launching of *Defender*, Blackaller told a *New York Times* reporter, "We are the only people who can beat Dennis. It will be a very competitive trial series and not a repeat of the 42-4 drubbing he gave the other defenders in 1980." Blackaller, helmsman of *Clipper* in the final days of the 1980 trials, was one of those drubbed.

Even Blackaller, however, doesn't want to beat Conner any more than do the eight foreign challengers who have submitted their résumés to the New York Yacht Club and been deemed worthy. Taking a leaf from Conner's book, the French, with their redesigned 1980 challenger, *France 3*, the British, with *Victory*, and the Canadians, with their yet-to-be-launched *Canada I*, have been working in Newport all summer. The Italians' new boat, *Azzurra*, was launched in July and has spent the latter part of the summer being tested in the Adriatic.

The Australians, with three syndicates and possibly as many as four new boats, have stayed home this summer. Of the three, the Royal Perth Yacht Club, led by Alan Bond, is the favorite because it has produced the last three challengers, *Southern Cross* in 1974, and *Australia* in 1977 and 1980.

Just getting to the starting line of next June's trials requires a minimum outlay of \$2 million per syndicate. Not surprisingly, a few efforts have already fallen short. The Swedes, who mounted serious challenges with *Sverige* in 1977 and 1980, announced early this summer that they will arrive in Newport next spring with a low budget, an old boat and no illusions of becoming the 1983 challenger. The Canadians, with the launching of their new 12-meter delayed and their public subscription campaign sagging, took an extended holiday in early August, leaving a skeleton crew, three trailers and their two older Twelves, *Intrepid*

and *Clipper*, at the Newport Shipyard. "There are wild rumors in the Canadian press of gloom and doom," says Kevin Singleton, one of those who stayed behind. "But the good Lord willin' and the creek don't rise, we'll be here."

The Italians are secure with 15 major corporations and the Aga Khan behind their challenge, but the French had the shorts until mid-June, when they were bailed out by 43-year-old movie producer Yves Roussel-Rozard, who made his first fortune in 1974 with the soft porn classic *Emmanuelle*. "We won't have big amounts of money to run 15 cars and 50 persons," says Jean Castenet, the project



The Canadians, like *Clipper*, are temporarily high and dry.

manager, "but we will have everything we need for the boat."

This year's standard for conspicuous consumption has been set by, of all people, the British. Peter John de Savary, 38, is a self-made tycoon known to his loyal followers as PDS. To most of the rest of Newport, however, he's Unsavory de Savary because of his aggressive approach and the fact that his lavish \$8 million operation makes the other syndicates look third-worldish by comparison.

Docked at the Newport Yachting Center, amidst trucks, trailers, vans, cars, motorbikes and a welter of Union Jacks, are the brand-new 12-meter *Victory*; a used 12-meter, *Australia*; *Kalima*, a 147-foot power yacht that once belonged to Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton;

Lisanoda, a 53-foot *Magnum* with twin 2,500-hp diesels; *Revenge*, a 43-foot custom-built fishing boat; *Charleson*, a 35-foot Farrey Swordsman motor cruiser; three Boston Whalers; and the "Rubber Duck," a gray inflatable Avon Seander with a 140-hp engine.

It's the Rubber Duck that has caused the greatest stir in Newport. On de Savary's orders it's taken out every day by a crew of two, a driver and a photographer, to follow and take pictures of the Freedom syndicate boats as they practice. The Americans call this spying and ungentlemanly. The British say it's observing and logical. More likely it's just plain, old-fashioned psych. At first, Conner tried to duck the surveillance by sailing to the far side of Block Island, but the Rubber Duck followed. Then his crew tried trailing nylon fishing line off the stern in hopes it would become entangled in the British propeller. That worked, temporarily. But now the Rubber Duck is largely ignored. "Here come the Brits," said a young hand on Freedom's tender, *Fire Three*, one day last month. "They're late this morning."

Ungentlemanly or not, the Brits seem to be having more fun than anyone else. Their logo, a grotesque cartoon bulldog in a tricorne hat, is visible all over town. The bar in a discotheque off Thames Street has been named *The Victory* in their honor, and although their schedule resembles that of the

hardest-working syndicates, they have energy left for volleyball and table tennis tournaments as well as dinghy races.

In spite of the lightheartedness, though, the determination of the British to win, if not next year, then soon, is typical of the foreign challengers, of which there are four more than ever before. Some see the light at the end of the 131-year-old tunnel, and they are spending hard to get there first. One day, a *Victory* team member was showing Bob Bavier, a former America's Cup skipper, around the *Victory* compound. Bavier, impressed by the display of spending power, said, "You very much want to be the challengers, don't you?" To which the Englishman replied, "No. We very much want to be the defenders."

END

Langlen's sleeveless dress and bandeau were famous.





The Lady In The White Silk Dress

*Suzanne Lenglen drank, swore and had lovers by the score—
and played tennis incomparably, losing once in seven years*

by SARAH PILEGGI

When her contemporaries ran out of words to describe Suzanne Lenglen they always fell back on "incomparable." On that and that alone they could all agree. Everything else about her was cause for furious debate on both sides of the Atlantic. Was she heroine or harridan? Was she courageous or corrupt? Was her infamous temperament a byproduct of genius or just the manipulation of an overweening arriviste? Did she purposely keep

continued



tennis



Helen Wills (above and right) played Lenglen only once, in Cannes in 1926. She lost but went on to win Wimbledon eight times.



Queen Mary waiting at Wimbledon? Did she quit rather than lose to Molla Mallory at Forest Hills? Could she have survived a third set against Helen Wills at Cannes? Was she rich? Was she broke? Was she in love, engaged, about to be married? Was it cognac in the little silver flask from which she drank at the changeovers? And by the way, between us, exactly what did she wear beneath those silk tennis dresses of hers?

No matter where she went or what she did, controversy, scandal, gossip and rumor buzzed about Lenglen's handcauded head like a swarm of benevolent bees, and she, who understood better than even the best sports promoters of her day the uses of fame, did nothing to quiet any of it. This delightful, outrageous and quintessentially French woman was the unrivaled queen of tennis from 1919 to 1926. In that span she won the Wimbledon singles title six times, the French title six times and the world hard-court championship four times, as well as two gold medals at the 1920 Olympics in Antwerp. But most impressive of all, in those seven years she lost only one match, a highly controversial (of course) default to the U.S. champion, Mallory, in 1921. One loss in seven years. And she didn't just beat her opponents, she demolished them. They measured their successes against Lenglen in points. A game was a triumph. A set was historic. In 1925, her greatest year as a player, she won the Wimbledon singles title after losing a total of only five games to her seven opponents and the French championship after losing just four. In 1926 her fame transcended not only tennis but also all of sport. In an era of living legends like Babe Ruth, Red Grange, Jack Dempsey, Gertrude Ederle and Bill Tilden, she was the best-known athlete in the world, the one whose private life was hot news and whose personal style was a yardstick by which contemporary sophistication was measured.

In that year, she did what no oth-

er tennis player had ever done: She became a playing professional. When she announced her intention, the world was stunned.

The elaborate pretense that tennis was an amateur sport, the same charade that was doggedly maintained until 1968, already was fully institutionalized by the mid-1920s. Lenglen and other notable players of the day were rewarded for their efforts in wondrously devious ways. It was rumored, for instance, that Wimbledon officials once guaranteed Lenglen's appearance by betting her father, Charles, a considerable sum that she would not show. When of course she did, Papa Lenglen collected.

As long as an athlete toed the line as it was laid down by his national or local tennis federation, he or she was reasonably well looked after, and in the case of a star such as Lenglen, lavishly indulged.

Deviation from the rules, however, brought swift punishment. The capital crime was uncountrified professionalism, even straightforward teaching professionalism, and its penalty was that most terrifying fate of all, banishment. At Wimbledon it was understood that a player, even a former champion, who had become a teaching professional was no longer even entitled to sit in the friends' box with those who had not. In 1932, when Lenglen, then in retirement, returned to Wimbledon as a spectator, she and Dorothea Lambert Chambers, with 13 Wimbledon singles titles between them, were seated together, far from the center of social action. Chambers' transgression had been to become a teaching pro.

Lenglen was nothing if not daring. Her disdain for convention was a large part of her allure during the period of social tumult that followed World War I. She was continually doing in broad daylight what most people only dreamed of in the dark of night. She drank, she danced, she smoked, she swore, she wore her skirts short and her arms bare and she had lovers—lots of them. She was a Gaille elaboration on the postwar silent movie siren,



Twining inspired many Lenglen matches.

The Vamp, adding to that sullen stereotype her own elements of wit and charm.

As a tennis player, Lenglen was her father's creation. As a public figure, a star, she invented herself. She would appear at a strategic moment, dressed with care

and surrounded by courtiers, often handsome young tennis players, all of them chattering and laughing at what, one imagined, was something terrifically witty, utterly sophisticated, terribly chic and, above all, deliciously French. She was far from beautiful, but she was glamorous to her pointed fingernails, and there were few sacrifices she was unwilling to make for her breathless audiences. Regardless of the climate, she appeared for tennis clad in fur, or fur-trimmed, coats with large collars that framed her pale, powdered face, with its gray-green eyes and dark red lips. When she posed for photographers she stood with her rackets in the crook of her left arm and her right hand on her hip, holding her coat so as to reveal the tennis costume underneath—a white silk dress, knee-length and pleated, and a brightly colored sweater which exactly matched the two yards of silk chiffon wound around her bobbed black hair, the celebrated "Lenglen bandeau" that was copied by

continued



Journalist Danzig, at home in Roslyn, N.Y., covered Lenglen's only loss, in 1921 to Mallory.



Saddened by the death of his young wife, Paul Fercé, now 81 and residing in France, joined the pro troupe to play mixed doubles. His amateur standing was later restored.



continued

introduced sex to tennis, and vice versa.

When Lenglen went onto the court, however, the glamour show was over. Her smiling mask was set aside and the tense, drawn and at times haggard face of a driven, sleepless, unrelenting perfectionist was revealed, a face that looked decades older than the lithe, graceful body below it. Lenglen's face was not her fortune, but it told the story of her brief but brilliant life.

Suzanne Lenglen

Will make her only appearance in Los Angeles at 7:00

Olympic Auditorium
Tuesday Evening
December 28th
at 8:00 p.m.

Mrs. Lenglen will play in single matches Miss Mary Browne of Great Britain, and against Miss Paul Fercé, star of France, and in mixed doubles with Mr. V. B. Smith and Miss Mary Browne.

Events: Doubles of Los Angeles and Memphis; Winner of the Pro Tennis tour of America; Leading singles with 100 wins and 100 losses; A record of 100 wins and 100 losses; A record of 100 wins and 100 losses; A record of 100 wins and 100 losses.

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millions of women, whether or not they had ever held a racket. Beneath the silk dress she wore silk stockings rolled just above the knee, and who knew what else. Certainly not a petticoat. Tennis had had its beautiful women before Lenglen—the French champion Marguerite Broquedis was one—but it is nevertheless safe to say that Lenglen, in the liberated style of her play—full of acrobatic, even balletic leaps and lunges—her dress and her life,

By the time she turned 15, Suzanne Lenglen was already established in continental tennis circles as an amazing prodigy. Her teacher, guide, business agent and hard-driving taskmaster was her beloved Papa, Charles Lenglen, a retired businessman of moderate means who moved his family—wife Anais and small daughter—from Compiègne in the north of France, where Suzanne was born on May 24, 1899, to Nice on the Riviera.

Within three months of being given a tennis racket, Suzanne, then 11, played before her first gallery.

By special dispensation, she was allowed to play Thursdays and Sundays at the Nice Tennis Club. Charles, who served as club secretary, arranged matches for her with winter visitors, many of whom happened also to be among the world's most talented players. She was an appealing little girl, small for her age, with long dark curls down her back. She was not pretty even then, but the vivacity that was the foundation of her charm throughout her life emanates from the old photographs.

Charles spent many hours each day at the Nice club studying the better players. He later wrote in an American newspaper: "The play of the English ladies consisted mostly of long rapid drives placed accurately along the lines and impressed me by its great regularity and calm, reasoned placing." But it was the superior play of the men that impressed him even more. He wrote: "Why then, I asked myself, should not women accept the masculine method. Is there any good reason why they do not do so, or is it merely a matter of custom and precedent?"

Thus Suzanne became the first woman player to train with men. Ted Tinling, who in his youth lived for several years on the Riviera, reports in his memoir, *Love and Faults*, that "Voulez-vous jouer avec ma fille?" became a familiar phrase at the courts along the Côte d'Azur. As time passed, however, and Suzanne's successes mounted, the number of notable players not only willing but also eager to play with Charles Lenglen's little girl grew rapidly.

In May 1914, while she was still 14, Suzanne won the world hard-court championship in Paris. In the light of that success it was thought she might make her Wimbledon debut that summer, but Charles was far too clever to risk his rising star on a foreign surface (grass) in a foreign country. So Suzanne didn't enter Wimbledon in 1914 and, as it turned out, in 1915, '16, '17 and '18 as well, because the tournament was not held during World War I. But in 1919, with Europe at peace again, Lenglen was 20 years old and ready.

Until 1922 Wimbledon was a tournament to decide who would challenge the

continued



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defending champion. Lenglen won that honor in 1919, losing only 17 games and no sets in the process. The defender that year was Chambers, 40, the greatest player of her day and the ladies' singles titleholder for the previous seven years.

The two, separated by two decades and a chasm of experience, went at it for three sets—Chambers, the proper Edwardian in her ankle-length tennis costume, and Lenglen, the child-woman at the dawn of an era, short-skirted, brazenly bare-armed, consuming cognac-soaked sugar lumps tossed to her from the grandstand by her father. As King George V and Queen Mary looked on, Lenglen won 10-8, 4-6, 9-7 in a tremendous upset. The new queen of tennis was crowned and the tone of her long reign set when, after the match, she re-

confided in Tintin her belief that the match had given Lenglen "a taste of invincibility and a subsequent compulsion for it," which eventually caused her great unhappiness.

From then on Lenglen hid everything—flame, adulation and all the trappings, if not the substance, of wealth. The city of Nice provided the Lenglens a large, comfortable house, the Villa Ariem, just across the street from the en-

off an affair with the French tennis player Pierre Albarran, a married man. Her mother, a dumpy little woman whom Suzanne sometimes called "ma poule," was her daughter's sympathetic chaperon. Tintin, who as a youth of 14 and 15 had umpired many of Lenglen's matches on the Riviera, recalls Anaïs and Charles Lenglen seated below him, wrapped in rugs against the chill, arguing loudly and reproving their daughter for her slightest errors.

America's first glimpse of Lenglen



ceived congratulations while in her bath.

For the rest of her life, Lenglen maintained that the Chambers match had been her most difficult and most rewarding. But Mrs. Chambers viewed it as tragic for the Frenchwoman. Years later she

trance to the tennis club. Her clothes were designed by Patou, the celebrated Parisian couturier. Her friends were beautiful or rich or titled or all three; her lovers were legion if not always suitable. Before she was 22 she had already broken

came in August 1921. Against Charles's wishes, Suzanne agreed to play a series of exhibitions in the U.S. for the benefit of "the [war] devastated villages of France." Once in New York, she further agreed to play in the U.S. women's championship, being held that year for the first time at Forest Hills after 34 years in Philadelphia. Charles, back home in Nice too ill to travel, told his friends that Suzanne had made the biggest mistake of her life.

Everything went wrong from the start,

First she caught a bad cold and had to postpone her departure twice. Then, aboard the liner *France*, she declined to use the deck tennis court that had been set up for her and issued a news bulletin declaring that "the fox-trot and the shimmy were excellent training for tennis." In New York her reception by the press was effusive (MILLE LENGLEN'S PETIT FEET AMAZE ON ARRIVAL), but she soon learned that her fate in the draw at Forest Hills was to play No. 5-ranked Eleanor

faulted and Lenglen, who had had one day's rest and one day's practice, was ordered to play Mallory instead so as not to disappoint the crowd that had gathered at Forest Hills Stadium to see her.

New surface, new ball, new climate and, for her first opponent, the best female player in America. All this without Papa by her side. Lenglen's nerves showed signs of fraying even before her match began. Once it was under way, her strokes lacked power and she coughed intermittently. Mallory, for her part, was at the top of her form. Allison Danzig, who

was then a reporter for the *Brooklyn Eagle* and later became the tennis writer for *The New York Times* for 45 years, recalls, "Molla had a hell of a forehand. She didn't have a backhand. She had the weakest service I

enthusiastically by her good friend Bill Tilden, who disliked Lenglen intensely because her fame overshadowed his, was about to take her revenge. With the score 0-15 in the first game of the second set, Lenglen, serving, double-faulted and then forfeited the match, saying she was too ill to continue. Holding a towel to her mouth as some spectators booed, she was led sobbing from the court. "Cough and Quit" became Lenglen's middle name in America, and that view of her prevailed until she returned to the U.S. as a pro in 1926 and set the record straight.

On later occasions Lenglen withdrew from tournaments for reasons of strategy or ill health or both, but she never again lost a match and she never again ignored her father's advice.

A spectator at the Lenglen-Mallory match that day was 15-year-old Helen Wills from Berkeley, Calif., who was in New York to play in the National Junior championships. As Lenglen's successor, Helen Wills Moody was to win eight

Lovely leaps were the trademark of Lenglen's game, although most of them came after the shot.



Goss in the first round and, probably, the five-time U.S. champion, Mallory, in the second. The seeding of players according to ability to prevent just such an undesirable pairing had not yet been instituted. Even worse, on the day of Lenglen's scheduled first-round match, Goss de-

faulted and Lenglen, who had had one day's rest and one day's practice, was ordered to play Mallory instead so as not to disappoint the crowd that had gathered at Forest Hills Stadium to see her.

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dress, a large hat and a white lapin coat described as ermine by the newspapers. The fur coat on a hot day made me ask why. I was told that she had a cold. . . . I was impressed, and later even more so when she came out to practice with six racquets."

In December 1925 Wills (she did not marry Frederick Moody until 1929) was a 20-year-old who had won the American championship three times and stood at the brink of what was to become a great career. Lenglen at that time was 26 and at the peak of her powers. She had won Wimbledon, the unofficial world championship, for the sixth time, and the most enjoyable season of her tennis year was about to begin—the "spring circuit" on the Riviera, a series of weekly tournaments from Christmas to Easter. Her midday matches would be a fixture in the daily round of pleasure-seeking and hostesses would schedule their parties to avoid conflict with them. She was La Belle Lenglen, queen of the Côte d'Azur. Sportswriter Al Laney, in his book *Cov-*

from dozens of women far prettier. . . ."

When it was learned that month that Wills was coming to France in the expectation of playing Lenglen, it was thought to be a bold, impertinent but very exciting challenge to Lenglen's total domination of the game. From the moment Wills and her mother landed at Le Havre in mid-January, a fever of anticipation took hold in the sporting press. Tennis regulars such as John Tunis of *The Boston Globe* and Wallis Myers of London's *Daily Telegraph*, writers who often played in the same weekly Riviera tournaments they reported, were joined by an international press corps large enough to cover a medium-sized war. Grantland Rice arrived. So did James Thurber. So did the eminent Spanish novelist Blasco Ibañez, who had

for fear of losing. In the midst of growing hysteria, only Wills remained calm. She recalls today, at her home in Carmel, Calif., her first glimpse of Lenglen at Villa Anem. "It's like a picture in my mind," she says. "She lived across the street, or very near, to the tennis courts. My mother and I went to the courts by taxi and when I got out, I saw her in an upstairs window. It was a wide French window, and she waved to me. She wore a bright yellow sweater. I can still see the palm trees around her house. It's like a postcard in my mind."

Ultimately, the day arrived. Feb. 16, 1926, the singles final of the Carlton Club tournament in Cannes. Lenglen, always tightly strung at the best of times, was "empty, exhausted and frightened," according to her friend Florence Gould, wife of Frank Jay Gould, son of financier Jay Gould. With nothing to gain and her near-perfect seven-year record at stake, Lenglen was about to risk all over the challenge of a "little country girl," as a Nice newspaper referred to Wills.

Lenglen's lifelong friend, the French playboy Coco Gentien, would later write in his memoirs of Lenglen's apprehension about the match, brought on by the pressure to win: "For Suzanne every day was a torture. . . . She hardly ate or slept. A few friends and I never left her side. Every day she seemed thinner. Her small face was drawn, and all you could see were two big eyes filled with dread."

Lenglen won the first set 6-3, but she was clearly not herself. Papa Lenglen was ill again, but Anais was present to shout to her daughter when things were going badly. "Oh, you're playing miserably, my dear!" To which her daughter sharply replied, "Merde, Maman!" Between games Lenglen resorted to her restorative silver flask, and dramatically underlined her exhaustion by placing one hand on her hip, the other over her eyes.

In the second set Wills warned to the contest. "A thing that surprised me," she wrote in *Fifteen-Thirty*, "was that I found her balls not unusually difficult to hit, nor did they carry as much speed as the balls of several oth-

continued



Now a haberdasher in Baltimore, Jacobs, 74, was a ball boy for Lenglen's pro match there in 1926.

ering the Court, described her in her prime: "She was far from beautiful. In fact, her face was homely in repose, with a long, crooked nose, irregular teeth, sallow complexion, and eyes that were so neutral that their color could hardly be determined. It was a face on which hardly anything was right. And yet, in a drawing room this homely girl could dominate everything, taking the attention away

never so much as seen a tennis match.

The longer the meeting of Lenglen and Wills was postponed—one would enter a tournament, the other would withdraw—the larger became the army of journalists camped out from San Remo to Cannes. Bookmakers who had at first made Lenglen a 1-10 favorite, dropped their odds to 1-4 when Suzanne appeared to be ducking the confrontation

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er of the leading women players whom I had met in matches. But her balls kept coming back, coming back, and each time to a spot on the court which was a little more difficult to get to."

Lenglen lost a long game at 3-all, but then, heartened by a bad call that went in her favor, evened the score 4-4. In the 12th game, at 40-15, match point, there was another long rally, and Wills sent a hard, fast forehand to Lenglen's forehand corner. A voice called "Out!" Lenglen trotted to the net smiling, her hand outstretched. Spectators poured onto the court. Baskets of flowers appeared as if out of the air. In the midst of this pandemonium a linesman, Lord Charles Hope, almost unnoticed, approached the umpire's chair to say that the ball had been good, that he had not called it out.

The umpire, one Commander George Hillyard, changed the score to 40-30. In a few minutes the court was cleared and the players returned to their positions, one drained, the other re-energized. Lenglen lost the next three points and the game to make the score 6-all, but 10 minutes later she was again at match point—7-6, 40-15. At that crucial moment she double-faulted, she who was said to have double-faulted only six times in seven years! The game went to deuce. But then, from deep within her well of experience, Lenglen drew two winners in a row and the match was hers, for the second time.

Lenglen sank onto a bench, exhausted, and later, when she was led by friends to a small office near the dressing rooms, she collapsed onto a desk that was covered with neat stacks of bank notes, the proceeds from the sale of tickets. Hysterical now, she began to tear them into little pieces.

As Tunis wrote in the *Globe* of Lenglen's having to replay match point: "Without a word, without a murmur, without any protest visible or otherwise, she returned to her task. . . . There was the real champion of champions."

Unwittingly, Tunis was writing Lenglen's epitaph. To the world at large the



Queens Mary and Suzanne at Wimbledon, before the rise.

Wills match was Lenglen's greatest triumph, but a few observers, like Tunis, looking past the bouquets to the shattered figure and then over to her taller opponent in the sun visor standing unnoticed and unperturbed amid the confusion, sensed the truth, that at long last Suzanne's successor had appeared. Lenglen surely knew it, too.

About a year before the match in Cannes, a crass but inventive American sports promoter named Charles C. (Cash and Carry) Pyle, who had dollar signs spinning where his eyes should have been, stopped onto Lenglen's stage. Pyle, who has been described as "P.T. Barnum with a short attention span," knew nothing whatever about tennis, but he knew

box office when he saw it. He had already made his reputation by signing the University of Illinois' Red Grange to a professional football contract. Now Pyle wanted a class act. Pyle offered Lenglen \$30,000 on the spot and possibly more later, depending on the gate, for a four-month tour of the U.S. For months, Papa Lenglen and Suzanne vigorously denied rumors that she was to be paid, but the facts were that Charles's health was poor and her funds were running low. If ever there was a time to cash in on Suzanne's celebrity, this was it, while she remained unbeaten and her fame undiminished. Still, becoming a professional was a daring idea. Perhaps Suzanne felt that her status made her unique, that the tennis establishment, which had deferred to her for so many years, would not dare to ostracize her now. Or perhaps the unfortunate events at Wimbledon in 1926 made up her mind for her.

There, because of a scheduling change about which Lenglen claimed not to have been informed, Queen Mary, who had come one afternoon especially to see Lenglen play, sat gazing from the Royal Box at an empty court for half an hour. Overnight, British fans and the press, insulted in behalf of their queen, were transformed from Lenglen's adoring subjects into raving chauvinists ready to take up arms against her in defense of crown and country. She played one more match at Wimbledon, a mixed doubles with Jean Borotra, and then withdrew from the tournament.

On Aug. 2, 1926, Pyle held a press conference in Paris to announce that Lenglen had signed with him. He did not mention money; he knew enough to leave that to the imagination of the reporters. Predictably, a New York newspaper headline read: SUZANNE LENGLEN BECOMES A PROFESSIONAL; IS COMING HERE NEXT MONTH FOR \$200,000 TOUR.

There was a furor. The French federation, for which Lenglen had earned hundreds of thousands of francs, called her action deplorable, refused her permission to play exhibitions at its member clubs

Adapted in part from material that will appear in "Suzanne Lenglen: Prima Donna of Tennis," a book by Gianni Clerici.

continued



and asked the Nice Tennis Club to expel her, which it did not do. The All England Club, however, revoked her honorary membership.

On Aug. 10 Suzanne was interviewed by Thomas Topping of the Associated Press, who observed that she looked five years younger, carefree and happy. "Some seem to believe I am tied up hands and feet by becoming a professional," she told him. "To me it is an escape from bondage and slavery. No one can order me about any longer to play tournaments for the benefit of club owners. I got great fun out of tennis for a few years after the war, but lately it had become too exacting. . . . I have done my bit to build up the tennis of France and of the

her current lover, an Italian Davis Cupper named Placido Gaslini. But Gaslini's father, a Milanese banker, would not permit it. In Gaslini's place, Paul Feret, the fourth-ranked French player, was picked and accepted. Feret at the time was disconsolate over the death of his 19-year-old wife and ready for a change of surroundings. (When Feret returned to France after the tour, he applied for reinstatement as an amateur, pleading tennis' version of temporary insanity. The feder-

keteers: Borotra, René Lacoste, Henri Cochet and Toto Brugnion. During a ship-to-ship radio conversation Lenglen learned that Pyle had signed a former U.S. champion, Mary K. Browne, to be her singles opponent. Although 35 and past her playing prime, Browne was well known, having won the American women's title in 1912, '13 and '14.

But Pyle had saved his real stunner for the landing of the *Paris* in New York. When the liner docked on Sept. 30 he announced to a glittering assemblage in the ship's ballroom that he had acquired the services of "the greatest male tennis player in the world . . . Vincent Richards is now a professional!"

Richards was then 23 and about to be awarded the No. 1 U.S. ranking, displacing Bill Tilden from that spot for the first time in six years. His decision to turn professional at the very peak of his amateur career was almost as startling as Lenglen's.

The United States Lawn Tennis Association took its revenge on Richards just as the French federation did on Lenglen. Both were stripped of their No. 1 rankings and thereafter dealt with as nonpersons.

Pyle filled out his troupe with two Californians: Howard Kinsey of San Francisco, who was ranked No. 6 in the U.S., and Harvey Snodgrass, a Southern Californian who had been ranked No. 6 in 1924 and subsequently had become a teaching pro in Los Angeles.

Again Charles was too ill to travel, but for company Suzanne had her mother, a personal maid, Hélène, an Irish masseur named William T. O'Brien and Ann Kinsolving, 19, a cub reporter for the *Baltimore News*, now Mrs. John Nicholas Brown of Newport and Providence.

"When Suzanne was introduced to me, she stared at my fur-lined cloak as though she were studying its texture," Ann Kinsolving Brown told Italian journalist Gianni Clerici. "I seemed to pass her test, and she quietly said to me, 'You're the person I'm looking for. I need someone who understands me and will know how to speak about me.'" So Kinsolving signed on as tennis' first personal press agent, for \$6,000.

Opening night, Oct. 9, 1926, at Madison Square Garden, was preceded by intense publicity. Lenglen's name was ev-



Avoid hype and hoopla, Richards, Lenglen, Pyle and Browne began the pro tour in New York.

world. It's about time tennis did something for me."

The most urgent question on both sides of the Atlantic was whom would she play in both singles and mixed doubles. There were few women who could give her a game, and none of those was a professional. An amateur would automatically lose his or her amateur status by competing against her. Lenglen's first choice for a mixed doubles partner was

ation accepted his plea, accompanied by a check representing his professional earnings, and anointed him an amateur again.)

When Lenglen and Feret sailed for New York on the liner *Paris* they had no idea who their opponents might be, but en route, when the *Paris'* sister ship, the *France*, was sighted steaming in the opposite direction, they got their first news. Aboard the *France* were the Four Mus-

erywhere, endorsing French perfume, French girdles and French gowns. She was reported seen in the audience of a Broadway musical, at a Mary Pickford movie and at a World Series game at Yankee Stadium.

Just as Pyle had planned, the hype produced an opening night crowd of 13,000 well-heeled New Yorkers attired in black tie and evening gowns, including Governor Al Smith, Mayor Jimmy Walker, golfers Walter Hagen and Glenna Collett, assorted Astors, Pells and Vanderbilts, even Bill Tilden, who was introduced in the manner of a former champion at a prize fight. It was probably, though not provably, the largest crowd ever to watch tennis in the U.S. up to that time and the first to attend a professional tennis exhibition anywhere.

The preliminary, so to speak, was Richards vs. Ferret. Richards won 6-3, 6-4. Then Lenglen entered the arena as a spotlight played on her and the band struck up the *Marseillaise*. While the crowd did not sit on its hands, neither did it give her a standing ovation. After all, New York's last sight of Lenglen had been of a coughing, sobbing quitter being led off the court at Forest Hills. But this night, as she beat Browne 6-1, 6-1 in 39 minutes, Lenglen won them over.

The second night at the Garden, 6,000 fans watched Lenglen beat Browne 6-2, 6-2, and Ring Lardner wrote, "It is obvious to everyone, even the experts, that Miss Wills would never beat Miss Lenglen if they were ever to meet in years to come."

Late that night the troupe, 14 people in all, including two baseball clowns, Al Schacht and Niek Altroek, who enlivened the intervals between matches with their buffoonery, set off for Toronto by train. In the baggage car was a 2,000-pound collapsible tennis court made of cork and rubber and covered with green painted canvas, which would be laid down in arenas, armories and auditoriums in 40 cities in the next four months.

As long as the tour remained in the Northeast, the audiences, which ranged from 8,000 in Cleveland to 1,500 in Buffalo, were made up, for the most part, of those who had at least a nodding acquaintance with tennis.

"It was a strenuous tour," says Ann Kinsolving Brown. "We always traveled

by train, often at night. There were no proper sleeping cars in the European style, only Pullman berths, each separated from the next by tightly drawn curtains. There was only one real compartment at the end of the carriage with proper washing facilities. This was reserved for Suzanne. She suffered from insomnia. One night she decided to switch all the pairs of shoes that had been put outside the couchettes for cleaning. Next morning there was pandemonium."

In Toronto, Lenglen's visit was a social extravaganza. Her every waking moment was taken up with wining, dining and tea dancing. Her skin was compared in print to Eleanor Duse's, her mouth to Pola Negri's, her personality to Sarah Bernhardt's, her artistry to Fritz Kreisler's, her

ple who were interested in tennis at the time would be very happy to brave any bad weather to see it." However, Felix Morley, writing in the *Baltimore Sun*, saw things in a different light: "There is nothing monotonous about Suzanne but there will soon be distinct monotony to her massacres of Mary Browne. . . . Suzanne is far too good for her, or any other woman player."

Browne, who died in 1971, once told a reporter, "Time after time I have run games up to 4-0, but try as I would, I never could get the set over. She would just run me ragged while I was accumulating that lead and then, when I no longer had the stamina for court covering, her deadly accuracy in placing the ball finally began to tell and the



Lenglen courted Sweden's King Gustav V among her friends. He sent an emissary to her funeral.

greatness to—get this—Edmund Burke's!

In Baltimore 5,000 people were at the Fifth Regiment Armory to watch Lenglen wipe the floor with Browne, 6-0, 6-0. Billy Jacobs, now 71, who was the head ball boy for the matches, recalls, "It was very cold. In those days they didn't have too much in the way of proper heat, and she came out on the court with a white fur coat and she asked me to help her off with it. . . . It was a nice crowd. Any peo-

points began to mount up for her."

Meanwhile, Lenglen was charming the socks off the press wherever she went. Her interviews were frequently conducted over breakfast in her hotel suite, where her costume ranged from black silk pajamas to a white satin negligee.

In private, among the other members of the troupe, however, she was less than sunny. Snodgrass, who's now 86 and lives in Sun City, Ariz., says,

continued



"She was really a contradiction. Her game was grace and speed, soft shots, well-placed; she was a very well-conditioned athlete. But she was always upset, flaring mad. Sometimes it was hard to understand how the two could be connected. She had the worst temper I've ever seen. She was always threatening to bolt and go home. Off the court the other players on the tour didn't want to have anything to do with her."

But Lenglen, with her retinue, did not lack for company. "She took her meals in her bedroom, as she found American food inedible," says Ann Kinsolving Brown. "She drank French wines and made great salads, with beet-root, green peppers and Gruyère cheese. At breakfast, late in the morning, her bed became the center of a sort of royal levee. She would be massaged by O'Brien in front of anybody. Her telephone was by her bed. Once she answered a friend's call, 'I'm in the hands of an Irishman.'"

As always, she was unpredictable. One time, in the middle of a match, she told Pyle that she was not feeling well. She had had her period, she said. She wanted a break. Pyle replied that all the women he'd ever known complained when they didn't have their periods. Lenglen's response was to burst out laughing and carry on with the match.

In Philadelphia, Lenglen told a reporter, "I'm so happy. It is fun being a pro—no worry, no terrorizing fight because I might lose a game, no harrowing criticism. Oh, it's much better!" Yet privately she flared with anger when the detested Tilden showed up for the matches at the Sesqui Auditorium in Philadelphia, where the court was laid over a hockey rink and the temperatures were polar. "Ce pédéraste comes especially to see me in this igloo!" she growled to Kinsolving.

As the troupe headed farther west, public apathy grew and ticket sales declined. Los Angeles, a tennis hotbed, was supposed to have been the last stop on a triumphant tour, but as gate receipts dwindled, Pyle kept signing up more cities. In spite of the disappointing returns

on his investment, he treated the Lenglen entourage to a 10-day holiday at the Hotel del Coronado in San Diego in December. Suzanne was photographed shaking hands with Jockey Tod Sloan at the near-



Baldwin, Suzanne and Suzanne on a '28 voyage to France

by Caliente race track and doing calisthenics on the beach at Coronado, clad in "a black wool tank suit of meager proportions." Carefully excluded from the photographs but often included in Suzanne's excursions around San Diego was a tall, tanned and very rich California playboy, one Baldwin M. Baldwin, known as the Sheik. Grandson of E.J. (Lucky) Baldwin, who had made an enormous fortune during the California gold rush and who later owned the tract in Arcadia, Calif. where the Santa Anita race track now stands, young Baldwin became her constant companion, as constant, that is, as his position of husband, father and scion allowed. Two years later there was open talk of divorce and marriage, but in 1926

the Sheik was a somewhat shadowy figure. He joined the tour in its last weeks, and occasionally was referred to in newspaper accounts as Lenglen's business manager.

On Dec. 28 at the Olympic Auditorium in Los Angeles, before a knowledgeable crowd of 7,000, the Pyle troupe went through its paces again. Much fuss had been made in the preceding weeks over Browne's great improvement. Browne was a Southern Californian, and hopes ran high that she would win her first match from Lenglen on home ground. Alas, Magnificent Mary reverted to form and lost 6-0, 6-1.

By late fall 1926, Pyle had started paying more attention to his pro football investments—he started the American Football League that year—and following the L.A. engagement, he handed the management of the troupe to Richards, who led the players east through Texas to New Orleans, Miami and Havana, then north to Newark, Hartford and, finally, in February, to Providence and an audience of approximately 2,500.

Pyle, rejoining the players in New York when the tour had ended, boasted to the press, "Mlle. Lenglen had played to capacity or near-capacity throngs in every city she visited" and "the venture has been a financial success far beyond our expectations." But the amateur tennis establishment knew better and it rejoiced.

It would be gratifyingly tidy but historically inaccurate to say that Lenglen's professional tour was a courageous act of pioneering that led by a direct route to today's tennis-playing millionaires, but the open-tennis revolution was so long in coming that the Lenglen tour seems to have no connection with it.

In February 1927, Lenglen went back to France with her mother. They returned to America only once after that, in December 1928, when they went to visit Baldwin's mother, Mrs. Anita Baldwin, in Arcadia, Calif. Baldwin was still wed, but rumors of his imminent marriage to Lenglen persisted.

The social call turned into a donny-

continued

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brook, however. On Jan. 15 the following four-tiered headline appeared in *The Los Angeles Times*: LENGLEN LEAVES HOSTESS' HOME; BOTH DENY ROW; TENNIS PLAYER'S WHEREABOUTS UNKNOWN—HAD TICKETS FOR EAST; MRS. ANITA BALDWIN IN COLLAPSE. REPORT SON, FRENCH WOMAN'S MANAGER, ALSO QUITS CALIFORNIA HOUSE.

Back to Europe Suzanne went, this time for good, with the Sheik in tow. As the party left New York, Baldwin's lawyer announced to the press that he would seek a divorce for his client in Paris.

The divorce never came about, nor did the marriage, but the affair lasted four more years. By 1930 Lenglen was at work selling sports clothes in a Parisian dress house, which was distinguished by a vest-pocket tennis court on the premises. Some society page observers exulted in print over what they saw as Lenglen's descent from queen to shopgirl, although no one seemed sure whether financial need was involved. In fact, it probably was. The family had lost the use of the villa in Nice, and Charles Lenglen had succumbed at last to failing health, in 1929, dying at age 70.

When the French tennis federation reinstated Feret in 1933, it was expected that Lenglen, who had also applied to regain her amateur status, would be next, but that never happened. Her movements were still news, though, and her public appearances in informal tennis matches always attracted attention.

Five-time U.S. champion Helen Jacobs recalled in her book, *Gallery of Champions*, a practice match she played with Lenglen in 1933 during the French championships at Roland Garros Stadium. "Jean Borotra was playing on the stadium court and the stands were filled to capacity. The court to which Suzanne and I walked was behind the stadium, but visible from its rim. A spectator must have passed the word that 'Lenglen was

playing,' for in a matter of minutes we were being followed by a procession of people far more eager to watch Suzanne than any of the tournament aspirants."

From 1933 until her sudden death at the age of 39, in 1938, Lenglen was director of a government-backed tennis school in Paris, apparently having given up

family plot, alongside her beloved Papa.

At Wimbledon, Moody, who had just won her eighth singles title, said Lenglen was "the greatest woman player who ever lived." So, at one time or another, did every other prominent player who had ever been her opponent, including Mallory, Chambers and Browne.

But of them all, the one who knew her best was Elizabeth Ryan. Ryan was one of the last players to beat Lenglen at singles, when she was 14. She also gave Suzanne one of her few tough matches at Wimbledon, a three-setter in 1934, after which Lenglen withdrew from the tournament. For six years Ryan was Lenglen's doubles partner, at Wimbledon and elsewhere. As a team they were never beaten.

Ryan died in 1979 at the age of 87, 24 hours before Billie Jean King finally broke her long-standing record of 19 Wimbledon titles. In 1941, when Ryan was a teaching pro at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu, sportswriter Bob Considine sought her out there and asked her the old question—who was the best?

"Why, Suzanne, of course," Ryan replied. "She owned every kind of shot, plus a genius for knowing how and

when to use them. She never gave an opponent the same kind of shot to hit twice in a row. She'd make you run miles . . . her game was all placement and deception and steadiness. I had the best drop shot anybody ever had, but she could not only get up to it but was so fast that often she could score a placement off of it. She had a stride a foot and a half longer than any known woman who ever ran, but all those crazy leaps she used to take were done after she hit the ball. Sure, she was a poser, a ham in the theatrical sense. She had been spoiled by tremendous adulation from the time she was a kid. . . . But she was the greatest woman player of them all. Never doubt that."

END



Lenglen's funeral cortege in Paris in 1938 belied a national iconoclast.

hope of being readmitted as an amateur.

The one event in her life that she could not stage-manage was her death, of pernicious anemia. On June 29 she was given a transfusion and on July 4 she was dead. The disease by then was no longer considered incurable, but Lenglen's health had never been robust.

Her funeral at Notre Dame de l'Assomption in Paris belittled that of a national heroine. Her old friend King Gustav V of Sweden sent an emissary, as did Premier Edouard Daladier of France. Borotra and Brugnon represented the Musketeers, and floral displays from tennis clubs filled three automobiles in the procession to the cemetery in suburban Sain-Ouen. Suzanne was buried in the

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 20-Sept. 5

Compiled by ROB BUCHANAN

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—In the opener of the sport's 114th season, Brigham Young defeated UNLV 21-9. Two hundred seventy-one yards passing by Steve Young (a descendant of Brigham) almost made the Cougars happy that their All-American quarterback, Jim McHale, is now playing in Chicago. Another young quarterback, Syracuse sophomore Steve Peach, threw for 209 yards and one touchdown to lead the Orange to a 31-8 slugging of Rutgers as two of the East's great remaining Division I-A teams got into action. Two more did fly same the next day. Penn State rolling to its tenth straight win over Temple, 31-14, as Joe Pasqua unveiled his new "spoon" offense. Make that wide berth. Quarterback Todd Blackledge led a Nittany Lion record with four non-kickdown passes, three of them in the first quarter. But the highest-lying quarterback of all was Boston College sophomore Doug Flutie, who physically (18 of 27, 346 yards, three TDs) and verbally ("They used to call me a dink") belatedly belatedly believe some of the things they were doing") rattled the Texas A&M secondary as the Eagles shocked Jackie Sherrill's Aggies 38-16. Sherrill, who at \$267,000 a year is the highest-paid coach in the country, said of his debut at A&M: "We lost because I did a terrible job." One man who didn't is Eddie Robinson, who has coached at Grambling for 40 years. He will hit 29th year, only 17 fewer than Bear Bryant as the Tiger beat Morgan State 42-33. In other action, Illinois headed Northwestern's 33rd consecutive loss, 49-13. Middle Tennessee's 25th State 25-14. Arizona State routed Oregon 34-3. Mississippi State defeated Tulane 30-21. Mississippi rolled over Memphis State 27-16. Duke edged Tennessee 21-14. Florida State held off Georgetown 38-31. South Carolina beat Pacific 41-6, and Florida torched Miami 17-14 (page 16).

CYCLING—At the world championships in Goodwood—England, East Germany's BERND DIBB-GIAN won the amateur road race, covering the 111.8 miles in 4:17.48, while MANDY JOONIS of Britain finished first in the women's road test, completing the 37.9-mile course in 1:31:00.

GOLF—CALVIN PEETE fired a final round 68 for a 19-under-par 265, seven strokes better than Jerry Pate, so he has third tournament of the year, the \$75,000 B.C. Open in Everett, N.Y.

JAY SIGEL defeated longhairs David Taylor 8 and 7 in the 16-hole final round of the \$2nd U.S. Amateur Championship in Bowling Green, Miss.

HARNESS RACING—Bob Williams drove DIAMOND EXCHANGE, 32:60 to victory in the \$494,260 World Trotting Derby at the Du Quoin (Ill.) Fairgrounds, winning two of three off-mile heats with times of 1:56 1/5 and 1:57 1/5. Jack Connors was second on the strength of a win and a second.

HORSE RACING—ISLAND WHIRL, 3:04.1, Angel Cordero Jr. up beat Silver Buck by five lengths to win the \$277,500 Woodward Stakes. The 4-year-old colt covered the 1 1/4 miles in 1:46 1/5.

MOTOR SPORTS—GARY BECK drove the fastest quarter mile ever in drag racing, clocking 34 seconds in qualifying for the National Hot Rod Association U.S. Nationals in Indianapolis. His speed at the fifth race was 250 mph.

SOCCER—Holt teams advanced to the NASL semifinals as all 12 first-round games went won at home in a decisive quarterfinal. Fort Lauderdale ousted Montreal 4-1. Bernd Huster, scoring two goals and Bruce Miller, getting the game winner. It was his first goal since June 1978 Seattle knocked out Toronto 4-2 on Steve Daley's two goals, and San Diego came from behind to eliminate Vancouver 2-1 in Vidal Fernandez scored at 87:19. Against Tulsa, New York's Steve Hauer scored own goal, scoring the only goal of the pivotal game with 1:38 to go. In the first game of the three-team final, Fort Lauderdale beat Seattle 2-0 in Seattle, thereby scoring the first road goal of the playoffs. Former "Sawdust Miller" scored at 15:34 for his second game, an away game night in San Diego's Arie Coker. The play-off's leading scorer along with Henderson, was injured and left out for Jimmy Whitecup. Defender Terry Yorath after the Sockers' quarterfinal victory. An

appeal failed and Coker was forced to sit out the opening game of the New York-Seaside Drai semifinal. It may have been the difference between the chances prevailed by the slimmer of margins, 2-1, on a Jeff Dungan header—his first NASL outdoor goal—with only 32 seconds left in regulation.

TRACK & FIELD—The British quip of PETER ELLIOTT (1:49.14), GARRY COOK (1:49.29), STEVE CRAM (1:44.44) and SEBASTIAN COLE (1:44.01) broke the world record in the 3,200-meter relay, set by the Soviet national team in 1978, by 4:21 seconds with a clocking of 7:03.09 in London.

MILEPOSTS—APPROVED: By the International Amateur Athletic Federation, the sanctioning body in international track and field, the payment of fees for product endorsements and, as a number of IAAF-approved meets, appearance money to top performers. Payments will go to the athlete's national federation, in fact, once the athlete returns to his home, his amateur status will be lost.

NAMED As coach of the Los Angeles Express of the USFL, HUGH CAMPBELL, 41, who in five years in Edmonton led the Eskimos to four Canadian Football League titles, as coach of the USFL's Birmingham Stallions. Campbell, 41, of Pittsburgh Steelers line coach for the past four years.

RECALLED By the Houston Astros, Pitcher J.R. RICHARD, 32, who suffered a stroke in the middle of the 1980 season. Richard, most recently with the Astros' AAA affiliate in Tucson, had a three league record this season of 0-2 and an ERA of 14.95.

SIGNED By the Washington Capitals in a one-year contract with a salary cap option, Czechoslovakian hockey star MILAN NOVY, 30. Novy, a center, has played in seven world championship tournaments and two Winter Olympics.

By the Farnes Formula 1 team, MARIO ANDRETTI, 42, 1978 Grand Prix world driving champion. Andretti, who left Ferrari last season, will drive a Ferrari in the Italian Grand Prix on Sept. 12. Ferrari's regular driver at the cause of this action was Gilles Villeneuve, killed practicing for the Belgian Grand Prix, and Didier Pironi, seriously injured during practice at the German Grand Prix.

TRADED By the New York Yankees, Pitcher TOMMY JOHN, 39, to the California Angels for three minor-leaguers, by the Houston Astros, Pitcher DREW SUTTON, 37, to the Milwaukee Brewers for three minor-leaguers.

By the Baltimore Colts, Receiver RODGER CARB, 30, to the Seattle Seahawks for an undrafted draft pick, by the Pittsburgh Steelers, Linebacker ZAK K. VALENTINE, 25, to the Colts for a future draft choice, by the New England Patriots, Defensive End TONY MCGEE, 33, to the Washington Redskins for a middle-round draft pick in 1984, by the Denver Broncos, Offensive Tackle KELVIN CLARK, 26, for an undrafted draft choice, by the San Diego Chargers, Offensive Linebacker JEFF WILLIAMS, 25, to the Chicago Bears for future draft picks, by the Tampa Bay Buccaneers, Quarterback C.H. C. PUSINA, 25, to the San Francisco 49ers for an undrafted draft choice.

DIED SHELLY GOURDEAU, 34, one of North America's leading harness drivers, of head injuries suffered when he was thrown off his track after a driving fire on his career, suffered during a race at Hollywood Park on Aug. 27, in Inglewood, Calif. A native of Windsor, Ontario who earned more than \$1.2 million in 280 races during a 14-year career, Gourdeau called his attachment to harness racing "a fever nothing could break."

CREDITS

A—Andrew Altsch 11—Illustrated by Sam G. Weiss
16—19—Anthony Polito 16—19—Anthony Polito
20—21—Anthony Polito 20—21—Anthony Polito
22—23—Anthony Polito 22—23—Anthony Polito
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38—39—Anthony Polito 38—39—Anthony Polito
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96—97—Anthony Polito 96—97—Anthony Polito
98—99—Anthony Polito 98—99—Anthony Polito
100—101—Anthony Polito 100—101—Anthony Polito

FACES IN THE CROWD



ASHBY HARPER
ALBANY, N.Y.

Harper, 65, a prep school headmaster, became the oldest person to own the English Channel, breaking the 1979 record of James (Doc) Cousland, then 58. Harper crossed from Dover to Cap Blanc Net, France in 13 hours, 40 minutes.



ANNETTE ALSTON
Gardensville, N.C.

Annette and Jeanette, 18-year-old twins and June graduates of Wyrush High, combined for all 68 of their team's points as the Gladiators won their second straight state AAA girls' track championship. Annette placed first in the triple jump with a 40' 10 1/2" leap—Jeanette was second—and won the long jump with a state record 19' 11 1/2". Jeanette established a state record in the 200 meters (24.5)—Annette finished second—and edged her sister in the 100, though they had the same clocking (11.2).



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MARY JOE FERNANDEZ
Miami



JIM KILROY
El Paso, Texas



ROB LEGOTTO
New Britain, Pa.

Rob, 13, a shortstop, hit homers in six consecutive trips to the plate to propel the Mahanoy City Little League All-Stars to wins over Pointville Railway Park (20-8) and Shamokin Americans (11-6) in Pennsylvania's District 24 tournament.



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Edited by GAY FLOOD

THE COWBOYS: LOVE 'EM OR HATE 'EM
Sir:

Your special issue, *The First College & Pro Football Spectacular* (Sept. 1), on the 1982 football season was excellent. I especially enjoyed the articles by William Oscar Johnson (*There Are No Holes at the Top*) and Paul Zimmerman (*Dallas Can Have 'Em*) on the best team pro football has had in the past 20 years, the Dallas Cowboys. By devoting not one but two stories to The Organization, you've further shown why Dallas is truly CBS's and America's team. Of course, I'm biased, being from the Dallas area, but I'm not alone. As SJ indicated, there are more Cowboy fans in this country than there are fans of any other team.

Your articles were also accurate in depicting Cowboy fans as snobs. Why shouldn't we be? While the rest of the NFL teams fall over each other trying to catch up to Dallas, the Cowboys are consistently at the top. It's very clear that players and fans of other teams are very, very jealous.

JIM SCHROETER
Garland, Texas

Sir:

Hallelujah! Someone has finally exposed the Dallas Cowboys for what they are: arrogant, obnoxious, whining, excuse-making, star-spangled pinheads. Here in Cowboyland I'm going slightly deaf from all the "we're the best" shouting that Cowboy fans incessantly do. I can only find solace in the fact that Dallas will have to start the season 0-1, with a loss to the team that will be this season's Super Bowl champ, the Pittsburgh Steelers.

JOHN ANDERSON
Austin, Texas

Sir:

Paul Zimmerman's article got under my skin. Dr. Z is the best sportswriter around, but he has one glaring fault: his inability to hide his hatred for our beloved Dallas Cowboys. Over the years he's given them countless digs. This article allowed him total freedom to express his feelings and to quote equally biased individuals.

The Cowboys please their fans worldwide like no other team in history. They may not always win the Super Bowl, but they'll always be in the upper echelon. Their record shows up everyone else's. And when they lose, they are no more whiners than anyone else. John Brodie's and Tom Brookshire's comments could just as easily be aimed at any other team in the league. Who likes to admit his club lost to a better team? It's easier to question a costly call, the effects of being without injured players and other such factors. That's natural.

I'll swallow this article, and Zimmerman will swallow continued Cowboy success.

THE REV. MARK (LINK) WARNE
Plymouth, Mich.**THE COLLEGE RANKS**

Sir:

Without a doubt your *First College & Pro Football Spectacular* was the best preseason magazine I've ever seen! Congratulations—and Go (No. 8 Michigan) Blue in '82.

KEVIN P. BENNETT
Kalamazoo, Mich.

Sir:

You're kidding! Alabama No. 11? The Crimson Tide hasn't finished out of the Top 10 since 1970. Its chances of going undefeated are a lot better than No. 1 Pitt's. Bama has an easier schedule, excellent coaching, a winning tradition, depth at every position and an abundance of returning lettermen.

BILL KLEING JR.
Huntsville, Ala.

Sir:

Oklahoma not No. 1? An oversight. Not in the Top 5? Silly. Not in the Top 10? Ridiculous. Not in the Top 15? Incredible. Not in the Top 20? Cancel my subscription!

KEVIN D. DRINN
Towson, Md.

P.S. On second thought, don't cancel my subscription. I want to see my Sooners on your cover, as No. 1, after they beat Pitt in the Orange Bowl.

USFL vs. LACROSSE

Sir:

Your *First College & Pro Football Spectacular* was a masterpiece and easily the best of its kind. However, I object to Paul Zimmerman's comments on page 131 (*The Four Horsemen Ride Again*), wherein he writes: "Right now the USFL's March-through-July schedule looks a lot better than the usual run of garbage sports, but if the ratings aren't impressive, the TV people might go back to lacrosse and refrigerator racing."

Garbage sports? Refrigerator racing, certainly. But lacrosse? It's a game played by skilled, well-conditioned athletes, many of whom participate in football programs as well. Zimmerman considers Jim Brown one of football's all-time greats, but does he know that Brown was one of the best lacrosse players of his time at Syracuse?

JOHN DEMARTINE
Brooklyn**CLEVELAND'S COUSINEAU**

Sir:

Your article on Tom Cousineau (*Paving the Way for \$\$\$*, Aug. 30) was superb. I

watched Tom play from his first to his last game at Ohio State and he never ceased to amaze me with his linebacking abilities, but that comes naturally when you play for the Buckeyes. There really is nothing like a Saturday afternoon in Columbus. Cleveland owner Art Modell need not worry. He'll undoubtedly get \$3.5 million worth of action and more from this Ohio State product!

TIMOTHY A. JARUSEL
DeQuincy, La.

Sir:

I'm a Buckeye fan, and Tom Cousineau was the best linebacker I ever saw come out of college. But he alone cannot change things around for the Browns. Trading Lyle Alzado, Robert L. Jackson and Greg Pruitt for draft choices and future considerations was an awfully bad mistake. I won't be surprised to see Art Modell's gang in the division basement for the second straight year.

JEFF PHILLIPS
Columbus, Ohio

Sir:

Either I like football or I'm a glutton for punishment: I pull for the Virginia Cavaliers. However, don't you think that three consecutive cover stories on football players—Walter Payton, Franco Harris and Tom Cousineau—in the month of August is a bit much? Whatever happened to baseball?

RICK LAWSON
Charlottesville, Va.**AT THE ORGAN**

Sir:

Joan Ackermann-Blount certainly pulled out all the stops in her noteworthy piece on the art of playing a ball park organ (*Really Getting Organized*, Aug. 30). However, she somehow overlooked one of Pittsburgh Pirate organist Vince Laschard's greatest plays: "The Ayala Ribbon," heard during the 1979 World Series in honor of a home run by Baltimore Orioles outfielder Benny Ayala.

Incidentally, Fenway Park's favorite stands were, at last report, still hawking Red Sox Organ Music, an album wherein Red Sox organist John Kiley, a low-key swinger whose touch recalls that of the sublime pianist Red Garland, jams with former Sox star and power-hitting drummer Rico Petrocelli.

JAMES ISAACS
WBUR-FM (Boston)
Brookline, Mass.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.



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